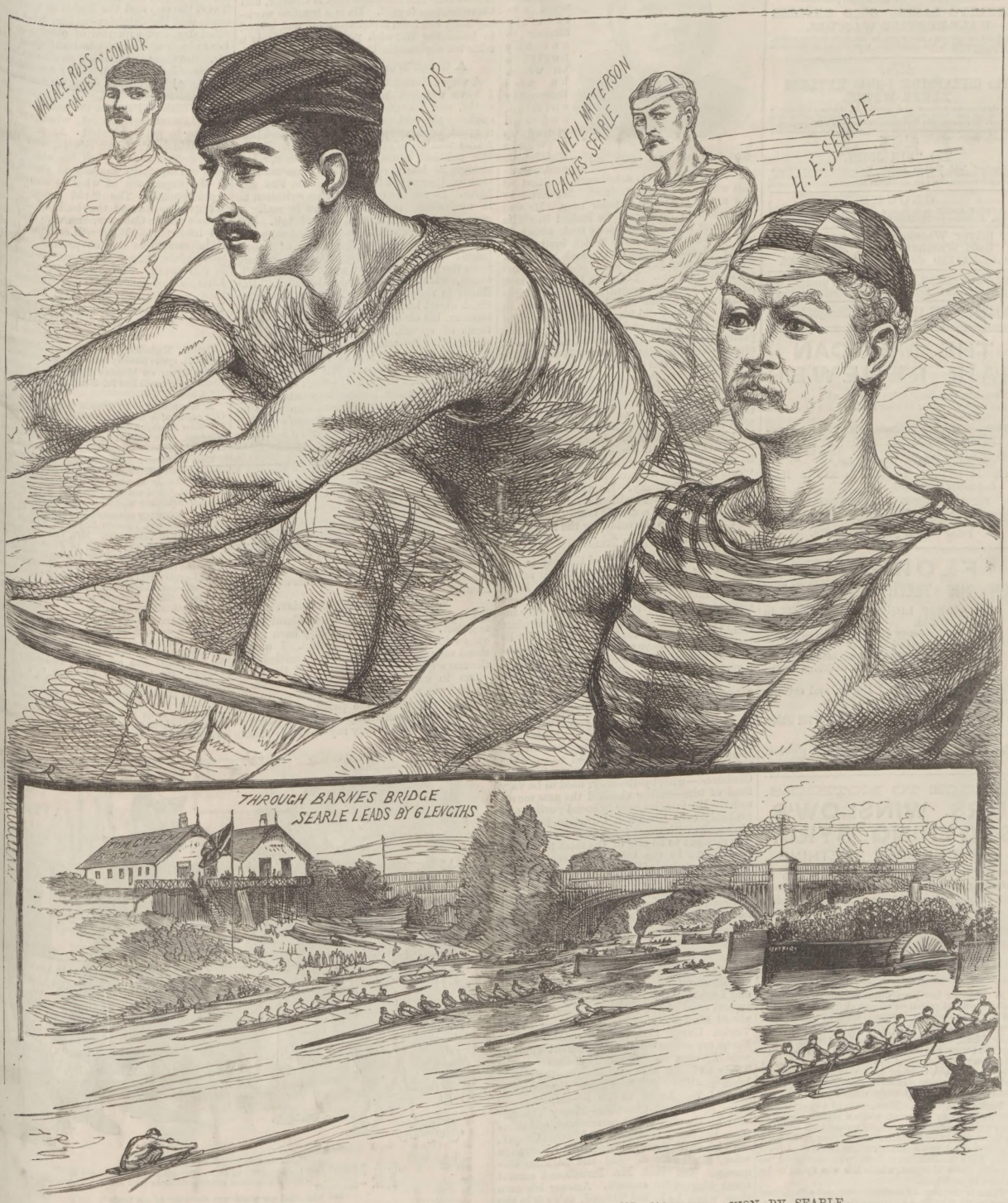
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A Warder has been dismissed from the Downpatrick convict prison on alleged charges of carrying on a correspondence between some of the Dublin Invincible prisoners and their friends in Dublin.

A Limerick Correspondent telegraphs that a terrible occurrence is reported from Newport, County Tipperary. On Sunday some men had a quarrel about a disputed right of way through a farm, and one of them, seizing a hatchet, decapitated one of his companions, and dangerously wounded a second.

Perils of Working Men.—About a quarter past ten on Tuesday morning, while a large number of men were engaged on a partially constructed building at the corner of the Shaftesbury-avenue and Charing-cross-road, two workmen fell to the ground from some high scaffolding. Both were conveyed to Charing Cross Hospital, where life was found to be extinct in each case.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

The Late Mr. Firth.

So poor Firth is gone. I say "poor," because it is melancholy to see a man cut down in the full swing of a promising career. Mr. Firth loved his work—was extremely anxious to get the position to which he was thoroughly entitled, and had stored up a whole life's labour and reading with a view to some such position as that which he at last attained. He certainly was not a generally popular man. He was aggressive in tone, and he looked it. His very nose had a pugnacious cock about it, and his walk was a strut which invited defiance I think it was that look and walk which for years prevented me seeking an introduction to him. Yet when I came to know him well, as I did recently, I liked him immensely. We had one big difference, in which I certainly did him an injustice, and in which he nevertheless behaved with the most perfect temper and the most admirable good sense. Not only was he a sensible and kindly fellow, but he was one of the staunchest of men. He never forgot his old comradeship with Sir Charles Dilke, and he went out of his way during the canvassing which followed the L.C.C. elections to pronounce, almost with tears in his eyes, a vigorous eulogy of his old friend and chief. Abrupt in manner, he was at bottom a genial man, and though he never would dine with the City folk, with whom he was at daggers drawn all his life, he was good company. He was a Yorkshireman, and a Quaker, and had a fair practice at the Bar. He had a double family name, and he wisely chose to be called by the latter.



THE LATE MR. J. B. FIRTH, M.P.

"George" Russell.

I see that one or two of the papers are suggesting that Mr. George Russell might make a very good successor to poor Mr. Firth at the L.C.C. Well, Mr. Russell is a very clever young man; but he is not a very industrious one, and I don't think the place would possess many charms for him. Yet he has or ought to have a future. A descendant of Earl Russell, he has much of the talent of a very clever family. Tall, slightly dandified in dress and speech, a society man, a diner-out, a very clever, slightly cynical talker, a man who has done a good deal of journalism—and very good journalism too—on the quiet, George Russell is still an enthusiast of humanity in his way. He is great on the housing of the poor, and tried to raise the banner of social reform in 1880; but Mr. Gladstone—who, by-the-way, used to be very fond of him—rather checked the new movement. He is a believer in social purity, and probably calls himself a Christian Socialist. He speaks with great force and elegance, and was thought to be one of the most promising young men in the 1880 Parliament. Since then he has a little fallen into the background; but he will be heard of again. He is the author of the very clever articles in the *New Review* on "Talk and Talkers of To-day," and he writes a good deal of the best of the "London Letters," that of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Burns and Broadhurst.

I was talking last week of Mr. Burns's qualifications as a leader of working-men, and I see now that Mr. Broadhurst, another typical chief of the labouring class, has completed his triumph over his enemies at the Trades Union Congress. Broadhurst and Burns are compared to two different kinds of working-men politicians. Broadhurst is the Trade Unionist pure and simple—the steady business-like unimaginative Englishman. Burns—Scotchman as he is—reminds one more of the old Chartists—Henry Vincent, with his simplicity and earnestness, commonplace but ready rhetoric, and Thomas Cooper, with his enthusiasm, his fine face, his strange voice, his bursts of wild and pathetic eloquence. Not that Mr. Broadhurst cannot speak eloquently enough. Among his own class, when he is not fettered, as he is in the House, by fear of making slips, he can give himself play, as he did the other day at Dundee. But Henry's rôle is business management, in which he excels. Punctual, industrious, shrewd, reserved, he is far and away the best representative Trade Unionism ever had, or is likely to have. In particular, you never get secrets out of Mr. Broadhurst. Journalists never dream of trying to pump him—perhaps because he is a bit of the journalist himself, and does a little work for the *Scotsman*. I have observed a Lobby novice try it, and after an oracular sentence from Henry—much after the style of the answers Panurge got when he wanted to know whether he should marry—retire with a look of sacred awe on his face, and never try it again. Yet Broadhurst is the best and simplest of good fellows. "Downy" he is, but he is not spoiled by being rather a favourite with both parties. He sticks to his pot-hat, his homely little house at Brixton, and he does not sport a dress-coat. His favourite spot is Cromer, and his recreation is golf. He is a genuine working man, has been a stone-mason, and helped to build the Norwich post-office. He is a trifle too diplomatic, but he is a good fellow.

A Great Working Class Leader.

A very different type of man is John Burns. I have watched him closely through the strike, and I confess I think in the sturdy engineer the proletariat has at length found a great popular leader. I am not sure that Burns will be a great figure in the House. His political education is still new, and, though he learns very quickly, I am not sure that another year's training will do him any harm. But in the conduct of an agitation he is unrivalled, and because he is really a genuine specimen of the son of toil. Mr. Bradlaugh has as fine a voice as Burns, and a far more subtle and varied range of knowledge; but Mr. Bradlaugh, though sprung from the people, is really a middle-class politician, with strong popular leanings. But Burns is racy of the soil. There is a Celtic touch about him, too, from which he gets his humour, his air of good fellowship, his quaint turns of speech, and bursts of unprepared eloquence. He resembles Mr. Bradlaugh in one respect, and that is in his immense physical strength and courage. His brother, Alec Burns, has been in the prize-ring, and failed; thus said the cynics, because he was too plucky for the average fighting man, who plays an unnecessarily cautious game. Burns's pluck is unlimited. When he was in Paris a few years ago a ruffian insulted his wife. John knocked him down for his pains, and kept a whole legion of Frenchmen at bay. Then there is a delightful simplicity about him. He is proud enough of his success, but he is really not spoiled by it. And, what is very significant, the working-classes are beginning to make of him a hero, and even something, too, of a saint. And that is why, in my opinion, we are witnessing the rise of the most remarkable leader of labour in the century—not excepting the chiefs of the old Chartist movement.

The Next Liberal Premier.

I said something last week about some negotiations which had recently been going on as to the Liberal leadership. I understand now that more things were settled than the mere question who should lead the Commons in case of Mr. Gladstone's absence. There was a good deal of talk as to the statesman on whom the party choice should fall for the Premiership when the place is vacant. I think I may say that the choice fell on Lord Spencer. Lord Rosebery was, of course, mentioned; and the time was when he was named by Mr. Gladstone as the successor. Now he will probably only lead the House of Lords. As a Premier, of course Lord Spencer would do very well. He is not a great statesman; and perhaps he will be the last of the Whig Premiers. But he is dignified, good-natured, and teachable; has a great historic name, and is a firm and good administrator. Moreover, with his wealth and his splendid palace, and his fine manner and stately presence, he will be able to form a great Liberal circle in society. Whether that, again, is quite necessary in these democratic days is doubtful, but the Liberal leaders certainly had it in their minds when they came to their final decision.

Another Cabinet.

And then came the question of the Cabinet. That, of course, will not be settled for some time to come, and, as there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, it is quite on the cards that the Ministry-makers who met the other day, and a number of other days, may have plenty of time to construct Cabinets in the air. But there is one thing on which the Radicals are firmly resolved. They are determined to take a leaf from Mr. Chamberlain's book, in 1880, and to insist on the direct representation of the Radical Party in the inner circle of the next Liberal Government, whenever it may happen to get appointed. At present their candidate is Professor Stuart, and they are quite determined to push his claims. What is more, they are especially anxious to guard against the supremacy of what is known as the "old gang." The "old gang" are the Whigs who formed the bulk of Mr. Gladstone's earlier Cabinets, and who still cling to his leadership. What will come of it all, it is impossible to say at present. But the movements, though they seem premature, are in full swing. The cynic will say that the Liberals are counting their chickens before they are hatched. So they are. But in Politics it is always as well to be prepared.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador to England, spent Sunday last at Friedrichsruh.

Mr. Otter on Monday issued his address as the Gladstonite candidate for Sleaford, in opposition to Mr. Chaplin.

A Scotchman to Shoot Niagara.—Mr. John G. Ferguson, a native of Glasgow, has left London for New York, with the intention of swimming Niagara. He should remember the fate of poor Captain Webb.

The Antwerp Catastrophe is exciting a great deal of interest in Spain, particularly in military circles, as it is known that the Spanish War Office sold to M. Corvilain for less than a million pesetas the old cartridges which have been blown up.

Mrs. Langtry appeared last Monday night at the Wolverhampton Theatre Royal as Esther Sandraz, in the play of that name. Mrs. Langtry first played in it in America, at Chicago, in June. On Monday night she was supported by her own company, and the piece from start to finish was a complete success. Mrs. Langtry also appeared as La Poupadour in a new one-act comedietta, entitled "After the Rehearsal." Mrs. Langtry received throughout both pieces enthusiastic applause.

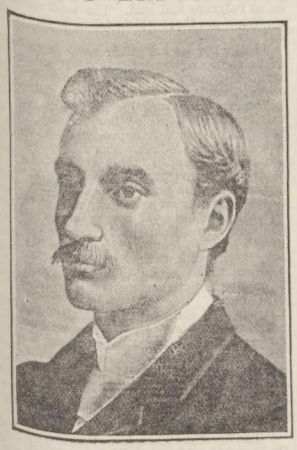
Mr. Burns a Vegetarian.—Mr. Angus Ward writes to us from Seaford: "Dear Sir,—In your short account of John Burns in this week's issue of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* you omitted to say that he is a vegetarian as well as teetotaler and non-smoker. He is a fine specimen too, physically, mentally, and morally, and no doubt instils physically, into the minds of the men now on strike these admirable and economic principles, which may account for the marvellous order and quiet which they are displaying, and which is calling forth the admiration and wonder of the civilised world."



(Look on this picture and on this.)
F. T. "Hallo! Jack! where are you off to with all those waterproofs on?"
S. do. "Seaside! Where the dickens are you off to in your summer tourist suit?"
F. do. "Seaside!"
(And who shall say which was the wiser of the twain!)

THE LAST TRIPPERS OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

FACTS AND FACES.



Ben Tillett

is photographed at the top of "Facts and Faces" this week because he is actually the chief organiser of the great Dockers' Strike. He has been striving with might and main for years to ameliorate the sad lot of our London dock labourers; and it may be as well to state that the present strike had been in existence for some few days before swarthy, black-bearded John Burns brought his stentorian voice to aid the Dockers' Committee in their herculean labour. This explanation is made not with any idea of depreciating the services of Mr. Burns (whose career I outlined a fortnight ago), but simply as a mere matter of justice to Mr. Tillett. Ben Tillett is a tall, slim, fair young man with a thoughtful brow. He speaks clearly and well, and holds his audience with a style that is now frantic and then earnest. His heart is evidently in his work. The last time I heard him was in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon. Ben Tillett spoke from a waggon shortly after handsome Mrs. Aveling (gracefully garbed in a flowing blue robe) had enlivened her hearers with an animated speech. He regretted there should have been any misunderstanding on the part of the Lord Mayor, but pointed out how unreasonable it would be for the dockers to be deprived of their almost-granted sixpence per hour beyond the First of October. His neat turn of satire easily roused the mirth of his listeners, and his earnest outburst of natural eloquence carried his audience completely with him. Tillett is thirty years of age. He started his working life as a young sailor in the Royal Navy, but was invalided. He afterwards joined the merchant service as a seaman, and traded round the coast, and between England and the West Indies. It was while his ship was in dock that he first became acquainted with what the dockmen had to endure for the scantiest of wages, which did not enable their families to live in common decency. Leaving this seafaring life (for which fair, slim Ben looks far too delicate, though his heart is evidently tough as oak), he came on shore, and has worked for some seven or eight years at the Monument Tea Warehouse, London Bridge. With some sympathetic spirits of the Cutler-street tea warehouse, Ben Tillett founded the Tea Operatives and Dock Labourers' Union two years ago, when Ben was chosen the first secretary. Tillett has long been in the habit of talking over their grievances with the men on Sunday mornings, and thus has thoroughly familiarised himself with their hopes and sorrows and daily drudgery. He and his Council have done all the work of organisation, with help from one or two London M.P.'s, such as Mr. Sydney Buxton (whose relief fund has done so much good during the strike) and Mr. Samuel Montagu, M.P. Like Mr. Burns, Ben Tillett has the good fortune to have the hearty support of a fully sympathetic helpmate, Mrs. Tillett having actively participated in the good work of distributing relief tickets. No one will rejoice more than Mr. and Mrs. Tillett when (their cause won) the dockers see their way to resuming work.

Mr. George R. Sims

has identified himself so closely with the annals of the poor dock labourers—witness his famous brochure on "How the Poor Live" and his powerful drama of "The Last Chance"—that this popular writer may well be portrayed at this juncture. I chanced to drop in to see Mr. Sims in his Regent's Park mansion the other night, when he was engaged in putting the finishing touches to the new Adelphi play he has written in conjunction with Mr. Henry Pettitt. I imagine this is the first time in the history of the stage that two dramatists have collaborated by telephone. It is a noteworthy fact that there is telephonic communication between the study of Mr. Sims and the study of Mr. Pettitt; and it struck one as a novelty, indeed, to hear the two authors exchanging ideas through this medium. Leaving "Thespis" to say what he pleases about the strong new Adelphi melodrama of "London Day by Day," I may here congratulate Mr. Sims upon the literary activity which has enabled him to issue



MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

yet another new volume of terse dramatic tales under the title of "Tales of To-Day." This bright and readable new story-book, published by Chatto and Windus, of Piccadilly, is brimfull of that stirring interest which is characteristic of "Dagonet's" style.

Sir Arthur Sullivan

had a positively triumphant reception last week at the Gloucester Festival, when some of his earlier works were performed. These works, and the circumstances under which they were written, are, in the highest degree, creditable to



Our Most Popular Composer.

Born in London in 1842, Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan was, when a boy, a chorister at the Chapel Royal; and at

Fourteen Years of Age

won the Mendelssohn Scholarship. If he had been a foreigner, what a fuss would have been made! After studying under Sterndale Bennett and Goss, he spent three years at the Leipzig Conservatoire; and, coming back, his

Music to Shakspere's "Tempest,"

performed at the Crystal Palace in 1861, proved him to be one of the first of living composers. From that time he has had a continued series of successes. His comic operas even solemn Germany can enjoy, also his sacred works—"The Prodigal Son," "The Martyr of Antioch," &c.—his symphonies and overtures; and his lovely cantata,

"The Golden Legend,"

set to Longfellow's poem, promises to become the most popular work ever written by an English composer. The charming unaffected manner of the musician and his amiable disposition, spite of sufferings which are borne with heroic fortitude, have endeared him to all who have the pleasure of knowing him. Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan—to give him his full name—was knighted on the opening of the Royal College of Music.

A New Opera for the Savoy

is his latest effort, in which, of course, Mr. W. S. Gilbert is the librettist. It will be put in rehearsal in a few days, and will be conceived by author and musician in the old humorous style that won such immense popularity.

Actions for Libel

have been rather frequent of late. I do not remember to have seen any slandered plaintiff defended in such "high falutin" style as that adopted by Mr. Hiram P. Dodge, the legal luminary of a small town in Illinois. The American paper in which the case is reported quotes the following passage:—

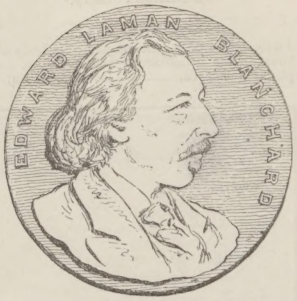
Slander like a Boa-Constrictor

of gigantic size and immeasurable proportions wraps the coils of its unwieldy body around the unfortunate victim. Heedless of the shrieks of agony that rise from the undermost depths of the sufferer's soul, it leaps like the forked lightning of heaven on its prey, and casts its unlucky victim on the ever-revolving wheel of public opinion; and the unhappy martyr to slander recoils, staggering from the collision, and driven to desperation and madness, only to be crushed by the monster in the hideous jaws of moral annihilation.

Considering the mildness of our London lawyers, Mr. Hiram P. Dodge might win a large practice in this country. What jury could resist such eloquence?

THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA



The death of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the veteran and erudite dramatic critic and pantomime-writer, has called forth a host of tributes to his literary ability and personal worth. The sympathetic note struck by Mr. Clement Scott, who furnished a fervent epitaph to the memory of his deceased friend, came appropriately enough from that graceful writer, seeing that he succeeded Mr. Blanchard as the chief dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*. Everyone who had the privilege to be acquainted with Edward Laman Blanchard (the son of William Blanchard, a comedian of mark) appears to have shared Mr. Scott's admiration for his gentle spirit. Mr. Blanchard will be best remembered for the grace, finish, and fancy he put into the libretto of the Drury-Lane Pantomimes, perennial sources of joy to young and old for many Yuletides past. But he contributed most industriously to periodical literature, wrote many charming stories and several dramas, in the old days when plays were not paid for quite so liberally as they are now. His own life was not without romance. Rather late in life he married his first love, a benevolent gentlewoman who survives him. It used to be one of the pleasantest of "first night" sights to see them sitting together, like Darby and Joan, in the stalls. He now rests in peace. A number of friends on Tuesday paid him the last tribute of respect, and followed his remains to their resting-place in Kensington Cemetery, Hanwell, the *Referee's* dramatic critic's wreath being conspicuous among the floral memorials.

Public interest will be centred on the Adelphi at the close of the week. On Saturday last Mr. William Terriss and Miss Milward appeared for the last time in "The Shaughraun" (leaving on the morrow for America); and the Adelphi was closed for a week for the final rehearsals of the new autumn melodrama by Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. H. Pettitt, "London Day by Day," the appearance of Miss Mary Rorke, Mr. George Alexander, and M. Marius in which I have already heralded. All I dare disclose as to the engrossing nature of this "London Day by Day" drama has been already disclosed. All I will add here is that I hope to be able next week to record the successful production of the new piece, and at the same time to chronicle another triumph for Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree at the Haymarket in Mr. Robert Buchanan's adaptation of "Roger la Honte."

Miss Grace Hawthorne continues to be the chief attraction at the Princess's. Her charming impersonation in Mr. Burnand's powerful drama of "Proof" has gained strength since the first night. Madame Catherine Lewis-Robertson (who was so good in "Shadows of a Great City") has achieved some success in the States—I believe, in the monologue of "Grown Up," which was essayed at the Princess's on Monday evening. But tastes differ. The trifle required much lighter treatment; and the intoxication song was manifestly in bad taste.

Congratulations to one of the cheeriest of entertainers. Mr. Howard Paul was married on Saturday last to a charming lady, Miss Florence Arthur; and the "happy couple" are spending their honeymoon at Spa and in the wilds of the Ardennes.

Far and away the grandest gala September is likely to witness within easy reach of London was Messrs. Brock's grand benefit at the Crystal Palace, on Sept. 5—a truly grand entertainment in every sense of the term. It attracted no less than 63,894 visitors to the Sydenham Palace. It was Brock's twenty-fifth annual Firework Fête, and was triumphantly successful from first to last. There were "Daylight Fireworks" to please early comers. On the 6th, as on Firework Thursdays generally, the illumination of the Palace grounds and of the interior, and the instrumental concerts in the radiant Rosery, proved a great source of delight. Mr. Arthur Brock, the head of the firm since the death of Mr. C. T. Brock, has, I believe, organised pyrotechnic displays in Calcutta and Lisbon, Philadelphia and Melbourne; but never can he have produced such splendid and tasteful results as the beautiful crescents of jewels, the gorgeous Magic Garden, the Waterfall of Fire (down which Graham's barrel should have been sent spinning), or the glittering combination of coloured fires and pyrotechnic precious stones; never such quaint and amusing devices as whistling rockets, fiery cock-fighters, flaming Kilrain-Sullivan boxers, and flying Léotard!

THESPIS.



MR. ARTHUR BROCK.



Sketched on the Sands of "Beautiful Bournemouth" by the Special Artist of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER XVI.

AMONG Arkinstall's possessions in London was a house in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, completely furnished, and at that moment untenanted. He decided to move into it, and to spend what remained of the season in London. Palgrave, to whom he suggested the idea, agreed with it, with certain slight reservations.

"It may find occupation for Elsie, and so do her good. So long as things remain in their present position the more society she sees the better. Don't force things, though. Let her have her own way, and do as she pleases about going out or seeing people."

The installation took a day or two to accomplish, and Elsie, who had acceded with a placid indifference to her father's suggestion of occupying the house, showed some interest in its arrangement, and bore herself in all ways in so quiet and sensible a fashion that Arkinstall began to congratulate himself, prematurely, on her rapid recovery from what he had expected to be a dangerous shock. The girl was glad to stay in London, where no one knew of her connection with Ralph and the troubles it had brought upon her. At Becksford she would have either been forced to imprison herself or to be the butt of every gabbling tongue and the target of every pair of curious eyes in the place. At present nobody in London but herself and her father and Mrs. Frost even knew of Ralph's arrest; for his first examination had been conducted privately by Sir James Stanhope, with a doubt if Arkinstall would press so ugly a business to the end, and a kindly dread of any avoidable scandal about an old and honoured name.

It goes without saying that if Ralph's accuser had been anyone else in the wide world than her father, Elsie would have laughed to scorn the charge which weighed upon him. As we have seen, her first emotion was anger that so monstrous an injustice should have been committed. This had been succeeded by a sick, chilling doubt. If there *was* one thing in the world more indubitable than Ralph's honour it was her father's affection. That he should give her one minute's avoidable pain would have deeply surprised her; that he should wreck the hope and darken the sunshine of her whole life in mere wantonness was utterly incredible. And yet, to doubt Ralph, to harbour for one instant such a suspicion concerning him!—— And yet—and yet—and yet again. She passed the whole night after her father's disclosure in that ceaseless, useless debate. Now Ralph shone to her heart as a persecuted angel and hero; now she shuddered as she thought to what a wretch she had given her love, and felt as if the mere physical taint of his hands and lips clung to her skin, and palpably defiled her. She grieve for such a wretch as that, if it were true? If it were true! There was blackest treason in the thought. And so the night-long struggle went on, and the tardy morning came, and brought no comfort. But before the day was over she had found mental foothold. When Ralph's innocence should be proved, all the love and trust she had ever given him, and more, should be his. She believed him innocent—she was sure of it, she protested to herself. It was a trial to be borne bravely for his sake. By this time he had her letter, and knew she kept her faith in him in spite of all. She put the doubt resolutely aside. It was there all the same, though she would not acknowledge it, and distilled its poison slowly, by imperceptible degrees. Better so, as Palgrave had said. The most valuable of medicines are those which, taken in an overdose, kill most surely.

Neither she nor her father made any reference to the matter when next they met. It was from Mrs. Frost that she learned the details of Ralph's examination before Sir. James. Like all women, and inexperienced people generally, she had vast but vague ideas of law and lawyers, and had always deemed it impossible that justice, so represented, could err. The information that Ralph was remanded conveyed no very definite idea to her mind; but the circumstance that he had not been at once released and exonerated added bulk to that formless doubt of her lover which she did her loyal best to ignore and deny. She had never been much overawed by Mrs. Frost's intellect, but superior age and experience have their weight with youth, and the good lady's dolorous tones, as she brought the news, gave it greater importance than it was intrinsically entitled to.

Among the earliest callers at the little house near Piccadilly was Miss Susanna Bramwell, a former schoolfellow and bosom friend of Elsie's. Miss Bramwell had been some months longer emancipated than her old friend; and, during her short stay in the outer world, had made good use of her time, and had found a *fiancé*, whom she brought with her to introduce to Elsie.

"The Reverend Theophilus Bamber, my dear." (In a rapid whisper, "We're engaged. Isn't he nice?")

The Reverend Theophilus was a plump young man, of High Church tendencies. His figure was a bitterness unto him. He would have preferred to look ascetic, and to have a waist. At present he was in that condition of blissful misery peculiar to the newly engaged male.

"And now you've been introduced, Theophilus," said Susanna, who was lavish of words and parsimonious of punctuation, "you may go away and talk to Mr. Arkinstall about politics or crops or something while Elsie and I renew the intercourse which never should have been broken if I could have helped it for she is the darlingest girl in the world and oh my dear I have so much to say to you that I really don't know where to begin."

The Reverend Theophilus, being too shy to inquire the whereabouts of the master of the house—whom, besides, he did not know—obediently withdrew, and was presently observable in the back yard—a dreary schist-covered little waste like an aquarium tank from which the water had been drained away—examining one or two dejected shrubs whose amiable obstinacy of vitality had withstood the London smoke, and looking rather as if he had bought them and repented of his bargain.

Miss Bramwell had indeed a great deal to say, and seemed to have more because of her manner of saying it, which was voluminously verbose. She recounted the chase and capture of the Reverend Theophilus in a quarter of an hour's recital, in which commas were like angels' visits and full-stops as frequent as snakes in Ireland.

"Papa and mamma were dreadfully cut up about it and to hear them talk my dear you would have imagined that poor Theophilus had committed all the crimes in Madame Tussaud's at least I mean what do you call it the Newgate Calendar because of his worldly condition which is the last thing in the world my darling child to consider in such a case, though seventy pounds a year and coals and candles certainly is not brilliant still with expectations from a maiden aunt who is ninety-four and though of a long-lived family must die sometime or other though it sounds very horrid to say so a dinner of herbs you know the rest my dear I've got into quite a habit of quoting Scripture since I met Theophilus, I write his sermons for him, for though he has excellent ideas he has no flow of language and that is what he is always telling me that he admires in me my flow of language and oh bless me my poor dear darling child what is the matter with you you look like a ghost?"

"There is nothing the matter with me," said Elsie, smiling at her friend's impetuosity. "Go on, dear, and tell me all about it."

"Oh yes indeed but there is something the matter or you'd never look like that you always used to be so cheerful and happy we all used to think when we were girls [Susanna was nineteen] that all we had to do was to leave school in order to become perfectly happy but I've found out the mistake my dear and often wish myself back and I'm afraid that you have too or you'd never look so white and as if you'd been awake all night with a headache you can't deceive me, oh my dear what is it an unfortunate attachment? oh darling do forgive me whatever have I said?"

The voluminous young lady's random shot had hit the bull's-eye, and she saw as much, being no fool, though a chatterbox. And being also a girl of a very good heart, and very happy in the possession of her blameless young cleric, she put her arms round Elsie and hugged her with genuine pitying affection. Elsie's over-filled bosom found its natural relief at this touch of sisterly kindness, and the soft Susanna gabbled condolence and cried copiously. Finding Elsie obstinately reticent under her coaxings, she began a rambling account of her own love-troubles before she had succeeded in screwing up the retiring Theophilus to the point of formally announcing his intentions to her parents, and of the agonies she had endured from the attentions of a young gentleman favoured by them, whom she described as "all white waistcoat and masher collar and eye-glass in tallow in the City." The applicability of this recital to Elsie's troubles was not immediately apparent, but its friendly intent was abundantly proved by its number of kisses and incoherent exclamations of tenderness with which it was interspersed, and it served the purpose of giving Elsie time to compose herself. Indeed, her eyes were dry again



Dick found, to his astonishment, that she was crying behind her veil.

long before Susanna's. The recital concluded, Susanna passed to its application.

She had found surcease of sorrow in accompanying her reverend *fiancé* among the poor, and in ministering to their comforts. The work was hard and not too gratefully received; but the tender-hearted little chatterbox recounted her experiences with genuine feeling, and was very happy in her work. It did not occur to Elsie—nor, apparently, to Susanna either—that the circumstance that Theophilus had shared and directed these labours of love had given them no inconsiderable part of their sweetness; but her friend's earnest advocacy of the works of charity as an antidote to the pains of unfortunate love appealed strongly to Elsie.

"I think I might be able to help you a little," said Elsie. "Will you let me go with you to-morrow and try?"

Susanna embraced her with effusion, and immediately summoned the Rev. Theophilus to enroll the new recruit of the charitable army.

It took some little time for Elsie to become accustomed to the air of wholesale dealing in the milk of human kindness, as Dick Purden called it. She came unexpectedly on Dick, on the second day of her Bermondsey experiences, lounging about in search of "copy." He had bagged one or two notions, he told her, and showed her his left shirt-cuff scrawled all over with hieroglyphic jottings. He knew Theophilus and his sweetheart, and professed a great regard for them.

"A very good fellow, Bamber," he said, as the objects of his encomiums walked ahead; "and that little girl is a brick. You mustn't think their manner means anything. That kind of thing used to shock me, but I've got used to it, and learned to see the tenderness under it, as you will do. If you go in for charity as a business, you must leave your nerves at home. What sort of a surgeon would a man make, if he were so tender-hearted that he couldn't bear the sight of blood? It isn't want of feeling. It's sympathy in action, and action beats sentiment any day of the week."

Elsie came to see as much, a little later, and to own the truth which underlay Dick's rough-and-ready sentences.

"How's Ralph?" he asked abruptly.

It was some little time before she replied to the question, and Dick found, to his astonishment, that she was crying behind her veil. She could find no answer for awhile to his incoherent demands; but presently, recovering herself a little, she told him what had happened. He listened in such a rage of astonishment and anger as may be imagined, and had a hard fight with himself not to speak too strongly in Elsie's presence of her father's conduct.

"You don't believe it, do you?" she asked. His face had answered the question before it was asked, but she had a need to hear him proclaim Ralph's innocence.

"Believe it!" he answered, with his face aflame. A minute later he laughed. "Good-bye, Elsie, for the present."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to see your father. Oh, never fear!" he added, as her hand tightened on his arm. "I shall say nothing—do nothing—that I shall regret, or which will hurt him. The thing's too ridiculous. Come, come! There's nothing to cry about. *You* don't doubt Ralph? There, let me go. I must see your father, and Ralph too. It's some silly mistake, which may be put right by a word."

Ralph's first public examination was held in Becksford Police-Court on the Saturday following his arrest. Naturally the court was crammed. Arkinstall's carriage made but slow progress through the dense mass of sensation-seekers, who, unable to find room in the building, flooded the street outside. General sympathy was expressed with the prisoner, and by this time a hundred garbled versions of his connection with the prosecutor's family were afloat. The solicitor whom he had engaged to conduct his defence spoke shortly and reticently, and disappointed the scandal-mongers of their expected feast. In the interview in which he had given him his instructions, Ralph had insisted on his representative taking a line which should preclude the possibility of any mention of Arkinstall's domestic affairs. He was conscious that this magnanimity must look well in Arkinstall's eyes, but that was honestly a secondary consideration, and his desire to save Elsie all possible pain was the determining influence. So the solicitor, on rising, simply proclaimed his client's innocence, expressed surprise that a gentleman of Mr. Arkinstall's known good sense and probity should institute a prosecution which, in the complete dearth of convincing proof on either side, owing to Sir Thomas Purden's absence, could only remain vexatious and inconclusive, and expressed his complete willingness that the case should go for trial. Ralph was admitted to bail in his own recognisances for five hundred pounds.

All this, of course, became known to Elsie through Mrs. Frost. She and her father held but little communication now. There seemed to be an intangible, invisible barrier between them, and the gay and happy confidence of old days was gone. The old affection was there still, and, indeed, was strengthened on the father's side by deep and impotent pity. They met at table and in the evening, and held commonplace intercourse one with another, but never spoke together of the theme which engrossed so much of the thoughts of each. Arkinstall felt that the girl would have rejected any overt act or word of pity as a new insult to her lover.

The first post of the following Monday brought a letter from Ralph. It was addressed to Arkinstall, and contained a short missive to that gentleman authorising him to read the enclosed epistle, and requesting him to hand it, when read, to his daughter. The letter contained ardent protestations of innocence and affection, and ended with these dignified and touching words: "Your father will see and own his mistake, for which, perhaps, my unworthy conduct in the past is a better excuse than I can at present bring myself to think it. Till then, he need have no fear that I shall trouble him or you, whatever may be the result of the trial, which I await with perfect confidence. You will understand me, and will love me none the less, I am sure, when I say that any overtures made towards the renewal of the friendly understanding he has broken must come from him. This wretched misunderstanding cannot last for ever. But it must, I fear, last till Tom's return, and that may be years distant. I could accept even this heavy punishment for the follies and mistakes of my life, did it not fall too on an angel of goodness and beauty, who deserves a better fate. God knows that if I could cure you of your love for me, I would do it, and be content to pass my life lonely and unloved if you could be happy. I cannot tell whether the perfect assurance I feel in your continued trust is most pleasure or sorrow.—Ralph." The letter spoke, too, of Dick, and of his daily visits to his brother while in detention. "He has a heart of gold," said Ralph. "He seemed actually disappointed when I assured him that I had money enough to conduct my own defence." There was a postscript, added apparently as an afterthought, "I shall send this letter open to your father."

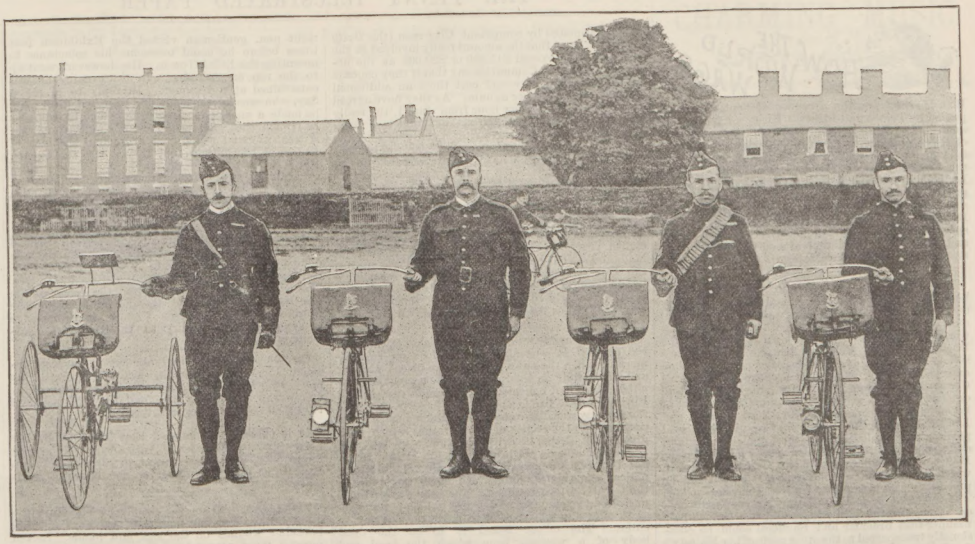
Who shall say where human honesty begins or ends? We who have followed Ralph's story know that nothing could well be falser than his protestations of innocence, but they were no more false than his love was true.

It was at the breakfast-table that Arkinstall received this missive. He perused it disdainfully, and having read the last word flung it across to Elsie with an irrepressible growl of gruff contempt. She, recognising the hand, put it in her pocket. When, an hour later, Arkinstall saw her leave the house to join Miss Bramwell on her daily round, her face was only a little paler than usual, and gave no readable sign of the emotion the letter must needs have stirred in her.

(To be continued.)

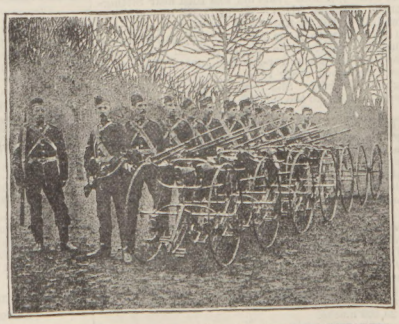
TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11, Beech-street, London, E.C. Manager, H. Myers.—[ADVT.]

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]



MILITARY CYCLISTS: READY TO WHIRL AWAY.

From a Photograph by Mr. W. H. Franklin, 3, High-street, Deal.



MILITARY CYCLISTS: PREPARED TO RECEIVE CAVALRY.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Singer and Co., the celebrated Coventry Cycle Manufacturers.



CYCLE & CAMERA

I HAVE just seen an account of the record-breaking bicycle run from Edinburgh to London. It is probably ancient history in the English cycling world by this time. But—like a good many other people—I am at the present moment enjoying a well-earned holiday, and on the Continent English news travels slowly. The only cycling paper I have seen until lately was a German one, which I could not read.

I suppose the ride was a very great performance. "394 miles in less than fifty-five hours!" is the headline to the notice describing it. But when one reads of the difficulty and genuine suffering under which it was accomplished, one wonders whether the mere holding of a record is sufficient repayment. Almost the entire distance Mr. Donaldson, the rider, suffered intense sickness: his stomach would retain nothing. Part of the time he was no less troubled by "unconquerable sleepiness." When he arrived in London he slept for twenty-three hours. Had the weightiest consequences hung upon his success, he could not have worked harder.

Now, I believe a cycle to be an instrument of pleasure and not of torture, and, therefore, I do not attach very much value to the great feats performed on it. Mr. Donaldson is now the proud holder of a record which, the chances are, will be broken this season or next. But, if he had taken his time, think of the enjoyment he might have had between Edinburgh and London—of the easy riding over good roads, the picturesque towns wandered through, the pleasant lounge over the midday pipe, the comfortable dinner after the refreshing bath and change of flannels! And had he thus set about enjoying himself, you and I and all other cyclists would be just as well off as we are now he has made his record. The only practical difference would be that Rudge and Co. would lose a very fine advertisement.

I think the same argument holds good, in a measure, where military cycling (about which I was talking a couple of weeks ago) is concerned. In times of peace and over roads in their normal condition infantry mounted on cycles are better off than infantry on foot. But during a campaign roads are very much broken up, and men who are expected to fight would, on cycles, be made to do harder work than horses. This is a fact that ought to be remembered to-day, while the Army men who have taken up military cycling are still trying to find out its exact value.

Machines are being so improved with every year that work for the rider gradually is lessened. Think of the difference between riding an '89 Safety and the bone-shaker of not so many years ago! At Walmer, for the Cyclist Corps, the Premier safety has been chosen, and it certainly is one of the best machines to be had. But a soldier cyclist has not only his cycle but his arms and ammunition to carry, and these add immensely to its weight.

Some day the steam-cycle may be brought to a high degree of perfection, and it might then just possibly prove *the* military cycle. As yet, however, there is not much to be said in its favour. A very serious argument against its use in England now is the law requiring all steam-propelled machines on the road to go not faster than three (I think it is) miles an hour, with a man carrying a red flag a few feet in front and behind it!

This summer a road race was run on steam-cycles in France, and fairly good time was made. But the report of the condition of the competitors at the end of the ride was anything but encouraging. They were covered with dust, and their faces were blackened with cinders.

Whatever may come of it, however, military cycling is an interesting experiment, and I think the photographs I give of the men and their machines, fully equipped for action, show how earnestly it is being carried out.

I am reminded by the papers I have just received that the general C.T.C. meeting to consider the action of the secretary in the late libel case is to come off on Friday, Sept. 20, at 7 p.m., at Anderton's Hotel in Fleet-street, one of the London C.T.C. houses. I have already spoken of this meeting and its importance, and I can only urge C.T.C. readers of this column to be sure to attend it, and to take something more than passive interest in its proceedings. The Cyclists' Touring Club is the largest sporting club in the world, and there is no reason why its journal should not be the best. Much of its future welfare depends upon the result of this coming meeting.

N.C.U.

A FAIR, BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]



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HOW THE WORLD WAGS

HER MAJESTY, on the afternoon of Sept. 5, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen-in-Waiting, was present at the Highland games of the Braemar Royal Highland Society at Old Mar Lodge, and witnessed the competition for the different prizes. The Queen was received by her Royal Highness the Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife, and a Guard of Honour of the respective clans saluted her Majesty both on arrival and departure. The Balmoral men were under command of Dr. Profeit, her Majesty's Commissioner.

The Queen, says "Atlas," was in the highest good humour at the Mar Gathering, and smiled graciously on everyone she saw. The day was gloriously warm, and it was in every way a gathering which was worthy of the *début* in her own country of the Duchess of Fife. Princess Beatrice appeared less serious than usual, and Princess Alice of Hesse looked extremely pretty. The Queen spoke to the Lord Chancellor, who was present, for some time, singling out Lady Brownlow, Lady Melgund (the daughter of her old and faithful servant Sir Charles Grey), and Lady Kilmarnock for her special favour. The Royal pavilion was furnished in the most luxurious manner, and the hospitality dispensed was very lavish. Prince Henry of Battenberg was in the Highland dress, in which he looks neither comfortable nor well; but he probably wears it to please his Royal mother-in-law. The Queen never looks so happy or good-tempered as at the Scotch gatherings, and one cannot help wishing that Braemar and Balmoral could be occasionally transported to the other parts of her Majesty's dominions.

The Prince of Wales returned to town last Monday afternoon from visiting Lord Brooke at Dunmow, and shortly before eight o'clock in the evening left Marlborough House for Mar Lodge, Braemar. The Prince, accompanied by the Marchioness of Lorne, arrived at Aberdeen at half-past nine on Tuesday morning, on their way to Mar Lodge. Breakfast was served in the saloon carriage, after which the journey up Deeside was resumed.

Lord Randolph Churchill, who has been the guest of the Marchioness of Londonderry at Plas Machynlleth, left that place on Monday for London, en route for Doncaster Races.

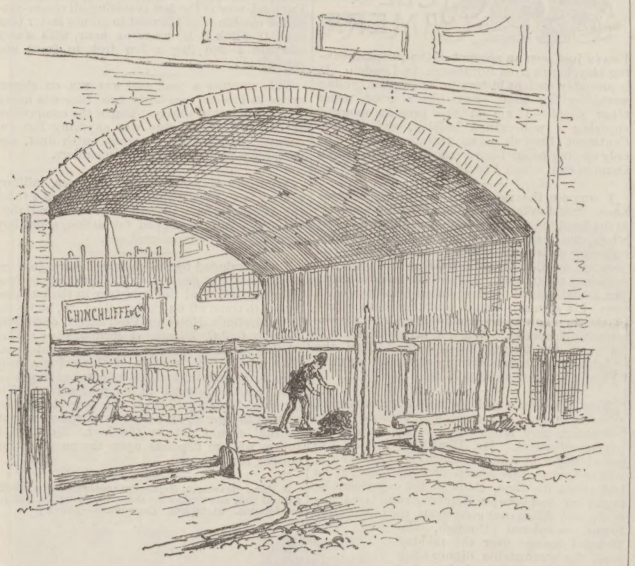
The Emperor of Austria and the Archdukes his relatives, says the same chronicler, would have been nearly driven mad, I am told, if the Shah had stopped in their country for another week. His ostentatious indifference to all etiquette was regarded at Vienna and at Pesth as downright barbarism. After the gala performance at the opera the Shah quitted the theatre, and entered his carriage without taking any notice whatever of the members of the Imperial Family; and at the circus the little wretch Aziz placed a great footstool in the box, over which there presently stumbled the Archduke Joseph, with the result that he bruised his shin severely, whereupon the Shah clapped his hands and burst into a roar of laughter. On three separate occasions the Shah made appointments to visit public institutions at Vienna, and Archdukes, Ministers, and Court functionaries assembled to receive him, but he did not appear.

Further particulars have been received at Vienna of the accident which the Shah met with a few days ago on his way home through Russia. According to a Lemberg paper, the *Przegland*, the Russian Court train, conveying the Shah and his suite, was really precipitated over a high embankment between the stations at Winnica and Zmerinka, a portion of the embankment having given way, so that the train left the rails. The Shah's saloon carriage was thus thrown into such a position that the other carriages barred both the doors, and the Shah had to jump out of the window, in doing which he fell into the mud, but without hurting himself. He was soon released from his uncomfortable position by his suite, who fortunately escaped any serious injury. At length the carriages were lifted to the rails again, and returned to Winnica, where the Shah had to stay all night.

It is estimated by competent City men (the *Daily Telegraph* says) that the amount really involved in the strike does not exceed £15,000 or £20,000 at the utmost. The Dock Committee say that if they concede all the men want it would cost them an additional £60,000 or £70,000 per annum. As they have agreed to pay the extra 1d. per hour from Jan. 1, the really important question is whether they ought to prolong this ruinous struggle—involving a daily loss to the City of London of £80,000 or £100,000—or consent to an immediate payment of 6d. per hour, and so end a dispute which from a monetary point of view is simply ridiculous.

Mr. J. F. B. Firth, M.P. for Dundee and Deputy Chairman of the London County Council, died suddenly, at Chamonix, on the 4th inst., in his forty-eighth year. He was taking a holiday in Switzerland, and set out one day to walk from Chamonix up the Flégère, and was never afterwards seen alive by his friends. His dead body was found some way beyond the little inn. "Rupture of the heart" is now assigned as the cause of his sad death.

Another horrible murder in Whitechapel, making the ninth! It was about six o'clock on Tuesday morning when the news first became noised abroad, and within half an hour of that time a great and excited crowd had collected in the neighbourhood of Pinchin-street, St. George's, the locality in which the tragedy was discovered, and which lies in close proximity to the scenes of the outrages which have given Whitechapel its evil reputation. At half-past five a constable on his beat in Pinchin-street (which lies between Commercial-road and Leman-street) noticed something lying beneath one of the arches of the Great Eastern Railway. The arch was partially protected by some broken fencing, which is not such as to offer any obstruction to a person desiring to enter. The officer found it to be the dead body of a woman, from which the head and legs were missing. There was no blood about the spot, and the trunk appeared to have been brought from some other place and deposited in the spot where it was discovered by the policeman. Attracting the attention of some passers-by, he



ANOTHER WHITECHAPEL MURDER: DISCOVERY OF THE VICTIM IN THE RAILWAY ARCH.

dispatched a messenger for the ambulance, and the body was at once conveyed to the St. George's Mortuary, Cable-street. The police state that the woman appears to have been dead quite four or five days. There was a gash upon the body from the chest to the pit of the stomach, and the bowels were protruding. It is impossible to give the precise age of the woman, but she was apparently between thirty and forty. From all appearances, she seems to have led a dissipated existence, as the body is but poorly nourished, and she must have been a hard drinker.

An alarming outbreak of scarlet fever and scarlatina has occurred at Plymouth. So serious is it regarded that most of the Sunday-schools are closed, and the Board schools will be closed for eight weeks.

It is stated that the prisoner Laurie, charged with the murder of Mr. Rose, in the Isle of Arran, seems never to weary of talking of his travels. He states that after he left Arran on July 16 he visited the north of Ireland and the north of England, going to Belfast, and thence to Dublin, Liverpool, York, Leeds, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Portobello, and Hamilton. He returned to the last-named place for the purpose of seeing his sweetheart and his friends before leaving the country for ever. He had no money to take him out of the country, and it is thought that he was driven home to see his friends, who might have supplied him with funds to enable him to escape. After spending his last coppers in purchasing a glass of ale and a halfpenny worth of sweets, he loitered about the station, wishing to go off, but not having sufficient to purchase a ticket. Then it was that he was observed by the station-master.

Mrs. Maybrick is doing her nine months of solitary confinement in Woking Convict Prison, and daily does an allotted task of needlework.

It is not, we should think, easy to drown oneself by holding one's head in a pan of water, yet this feat was accomplished by Mrs. Jane Schmidt at Liverpool last week.

Mr. Gladstone has been in Paris enjoying the gay city and its Exhibition. He pronounces the new water railway "for pure inventiveness surpassing any other conception" he has ever heard of. The right hon. gentleman visited the Exhibition four times before he could overcome his reluctance to mounting the Eiffel Tower. He, however, went up to the top on Saturday. In the evening he was entertained at a banquet. In reply to M. Léon Say, who was in the chair and proposed his health, he made a speech in French, in which he said that he remembered with pride, as an Englishman, that it was England which had originated the idea of Universal Exhibitions, but that it was the French Republic which had given to the idea such a marvellous development. He concluded by expressing the good wishes of himself and of the English nation for the prosperity of France. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone returned to London on Monday evening.

A great fire broke out in Antwerp on Sept. 6 which raged for forty-eight hours. The damage done to the town proved to be very extensive, and the loss of life is estimated at a little under 200. The King of the Belgians visited the scene of the disaster on Sunday and the hospitals where the wounded are lying. Queen Victoria sent a message of sympathy and inquiry to the British Consul-General at Antwerp.

On the 5th inst. a fire broke out at the Mauricewood Pit, near Penicuik, Midlothian, with the most disastrous consequences. More than sixty men were below at the time, and the dead bodies of twenty-seven were soon recovered.

It is officially announced that Mr. Chaplin has been appointed Minister of Agriculture. Of greater importance is the appointment of Sir James Caird, K.C.B., as a Commissioner on the Board of Agriculture.

The police fired on the people at Tipperary the other night, and one man and two boys received buckshot wounds on the legs and hands. Eleven persons were arrested, and were remanded for a week, without bail.

A plasterer named John James Pearce has, it is stated, lately become entitled to £1,400,000 by the death of a clergyman of Sydney. Pearce is a native of Brixham, Devonshire, but has travelled about a good deal, and his whereabouts are not known now, Northampton being the last place he was seen at. Pearce some years ago broke his jaw in an accident, by which his face was disfigured

Sergeant Price, of the Royal Artillery, stationed at Dover Castle, shot himself through the head with a carbine on the morning of the 6th inst. when in the keep yard. The cause of the act is not known. He had served within three weeks of twenty-one years, and would have received a pension. He killed himself with a blank cartridge, the face being blown, not shot, away.

A little girl four years old has died near Sittingbourne through fright. A few days ago she was standing on the platform with her parents, who were on their way to Kent for the hop-picking season, when an express train dashed through the station. The little one was terror-stricken, and on the journey down screamed every time an engine came within sight or hearing. She dropped dead. The doctor ascribed death to the shock.

Intelligence from Mexico announces that serious floods have occurred throughout the country, causing the loss of many lives, as well as heavy damage to property. Great destitution prevails, and the inhabitants are appealing for aid. Railroad and telegraphic communication is interrupted in several places.

A millionaire who has just died at Vienna had such an antipathy to darkness that he has actually left instructions in his will for the illumination of his last resting-place. An electric light is to be kept burning in the vault during a whole year, and even the interior of the coffin is to be electrically lighted. The expenses are to be defrayed by a special bequest of 20,000 marks.

A painful accident happened on Saturday at Richmond, Yorkshire. A charged gun had been left in a manger of Mr Allen's farm, and a little girl got hold of the weapon, when the charge exploded, and she was killed. She was only five years old. Her parents were at Richmond market at the time of the accident.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed on Sunday at the Wesleyan Chapel, Sherwood, Nottingham. The preacher made an attack upon persons engaged in the liquor traffic, and, referring to the erection in the immediate vicinity of an almshouse chapel by Mr. John Robinson, sheriff of Nottingham and a large local brewer, said that Mr. Robinson ought to atone for the mischief caused by his business. Thereupon Mr. James Shipstone, another brewer, a member of the congregation, rose and publicly protested against the remarks of the preacher, amid considerable excitement

A sensible regulation (says the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) is about to be carried out in the Metropolitan Police Force. It is well known that burglars intent on plundering a house take care to make themselves acquainted with the movements of the police, and this is rendered comparatively easy by the measured tread of the constable's foot being so audible in the stillness of the night. In one or two of the London suburbs the men on night duty have for some little time past been supplied with rubber-soled boots, and the experiment has proved a thorough success. Instead of their approach being known in time to serve as a warning, the constables flit about in the shadows of suburban footpaths as noiselessly as ghosts. The Commissioners of Police are so satisfied with the results of the experiment that they have, with the concurrence of the Home Office, decided to equip the force generally with these boots for night duty.

Five young men who were returning from a christening-party lost their lives in the Lakes of Killarney on Sunday evening. A boat-loud of people left Glena at eight o'clock, and when about a mile from the shore the boat was upset in deep water. Two brothers named Reardon, and three others, Messrs. Collins, Reidy, and Warren, were drowned. The only survivor, Thomas Carey, was picked up about an hour afterwards clinging to the keel of the upturned boat.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach proposes to speak at the banquet of the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Hull, on the 19th inst., and at the annual dinner of the Bristol Working Men's Conservative Association on Oct. 22.

THE RACING WORLD

NOT for many, many years has feeling run so high concerning a horse race on Doncaster Town Moor as it has this week between

North and South, represented by Chitabob and Donovan.

At the finish you were not safe if you were a Southron in endeavouring to bring the Yorkshiremen to recognise Donovan's claims to consideration. In like manner, I may state that a Tyke who tried to convert a Newmarket man to belief in Chitabob undertook a quite hopeless task. The two companies of partisans argued on those

Parallel Lines which never Meet,

and the only point on which they could possibly agree was to differ hopelessly. What is worse, the opponents were no more convinced after the race than before. Fact in such cases is put on one side, and the doing of a sum is not admitted to prove it. After the struggle arguments waxed just as heated on those sad words "It might have been" as while the disposition of the St. Leger was still in the dim limbo of the future.

Historians of the Turf Owe Much

to the Fates for bringing Chitabob and Donovan together in the great three-year-old race around which so many stray sporting memories cling. Not so long ago it promised only the very poorest burlesque of a race worthy the institution. With Mr. Perkins's colt out of it, it was practically a one-horse affair; at least, so we all thought, though fully aware that the unexpected might arrive. Bob's two wins in the North altered all that, and put many hundreds of pounds in the Corporation's pocket. Year by year we hear of record attendances. Verily, I believe that, for once,

Unsanitary Doncaster Scored a Best

on record. It is a most extraordinary town, because each season it gets chock full at race times—each season adds to its unsavoury and unsanitary reputation, and finds abundance of new patrons in the room of those who will not endure its beastliness any more. Weather (good weather) or no they will be there, and are responsible for the most extraordinary collection of ramshackle wheeled machines imaginable. As usual the police regulations this week for managing the traffic were perfect, if inclined to be excessively arbitrary. Still it was remarkable how well the supply of traps to the course and the return was carried out, considering the material to be handled. Probably the work was rendered lighter because all hands were thinking of

Donovan and Chitabob—Chitabob and Donovan.

In the crowded trains among the cheap trippers, which scarcely escape the other attribute associated with cheapness, you were dosed with the names of the favourites. Outside the station you vainly strove to evade vendors of Donovan humbug and Chitabob humbug, the name given, goodness knows why, to butter scotch. The disease spread in all directions, till you were, as I was, delighted to get to the end of the business. Speaking just now of Doncaster's morals being improved, if only outwardly, I may point to the not-far-distant days when the Subscription Rooms were nightly the scene of high public play with

The Books and the Bones,

and half a dozen at least semi-public gaming saloons flourished practically unheeded by the authorities. I suppose it is a good thing to get rid of all that sort of work in public, but those who want to woo fortune at baccarat or roulette need not trouble to find congenial spirits.

Mr. Benzon's Book might well include a Directory of Private Hells

run at the chief race meetings. In his short, fizzy career he tried most of them. I have not had time to wade through all of his volume, so cannot tell whether he records a winning experience in his first year when

A Bookmaker with a Bank of £4000 only Lost £160,000 at Baccarat

at Brighton between two and six o'clock a.m., and kept his creditors gambling till, at 11.30, he was just about clear, and everyone else just about asleep. If he has not he might get a little copy out of the occurrence for future editions, supposing that the publication runs into further editions. But I must not let Benzon and his book draw me away from Doncaster and its Town Moor, nor miss saying that the old course has seldom been in better order than it was this week.

The St. Leger

fell, as all the racing world knows, to the Duke of Portland's bay colt Donovan, the winner of the Derby. A round dozen ran for the great race of Wednesday at Doncaster, and the Duke of Portland's colt amply justified the confidence reposed in him. At the first attempt they got away well together. Donovan was always nicely placed; so, for that matter, was Chitabob till defeat came. Below the distance the two pulled to the front; but soon Chitabob was in trouble. Fred Barrett had to ride Donovan to stall off Miguel, but won cleverly. The old colt Davenport was a good third, with Enthusiast fourth. The result was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and, I may add, led to Davenport being freely backed for the Cesarewitch.

Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Speculation was Dull,

perhaps because the weights appeared so late. With the acceptances imminent

Only Inspired Backers Would Venture to Deal;

and those were, to a certain extent, afraid to show their hands. As it is, with the list of contests so nearly due, I need not go at length into the work which Major Egerton puts before us. Some weeks ago I warned readers that Vasistas was merely qualifying for the Cesarewitch. This year's Paris Grand Prize winner is now freely backed at 100 to 8, but will, I fancy, case in price before the day are much shorter.

Davenport was a strong tip before the weights came out, and was well backed at 20 to 1. So was Fallow Chat, whose owner could hardly want his

horse more favourably treated. Ingram's Goodwood Stakes win causes him to be fancied. On paper the pick of the lot is

King James, Next to Whom I Like Hibernia.

But please understand that we are a long way off the Cesarewitch day as yet, and I do not intend to go in for real tipping till my little birds who pick up crumbs of information on the courses and at the clubs have confided to me what they think are genuine goods.

Philomel was said to be Real Jam

for the long race, yet I believe she has a much better chance to win the Cambridgeshire than the Cesarewitch. I really have a liking for her in her later engagements, but look on the shorter handicap as far more puzzling than the other. Veracity now, with all her weight (9 st.), is by no means out of it, nor is Wise Man. Sheen has a little too much. Shillelagh is well treated; but then what can we say to

Danbydale at 6 st. 5 lb.?

It seems almost ridiculous to bother about other horses while this chucked-in good thing stops the way. Danbydale, the red-hot favourite for the Goodwood Stewards' Cup; Danbydale, brother to Kilwarlin; Danbydale, in whom Captain Machell's confidence has been so unbounded; Danbydale, with such a big private reputation, asked to carry no more than 6 st. 5 lb. for four years of age!—truly, this seems too much—or shall I say too little?—altogether. I meant to notice the chances of

Belle Mahone and Wishing Gate,

for the latter of whom I hold great respect; but, after contemplating Danbydale's handicap, will wait awhile before saying more.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

It is not often, in the course of an ordinary lifetime, that one can see a

Sculling Championship of the World

decided on the Thames over so short a distance of water as that between Putney Bridge and the Thames Rowing Club Boat-house—nearly enough to Bishop's Creek. But this actually happened on Monday last, when Searle, the Australian, and O'Connor, the Canadian, at last met in their great match. So far as the "middle" and "lower" classes were concerned, the attendance was enormous, a combination of Monday and the loveliest summer weather no doubt assisting materially towards this result. On the tow-path was an ideal Oxford and Cambridge crowd; but the boat-houses were not so full as on the occasion of the "battle of the blues," nor was there any display of "quality" in carriages. For several hours a large fleet of small boats went up towards Hammersmith and Barnes, and the rowing clubs put out several eights and scullers, an L.R.C. "centipede" (scullers' eight) being manned; but there was not the usual number of advertising craft.

One feature of the race was the

Punctuality of Searle and O'Connor

in going to their stake boats, and the race was started on a strong flood a few minutes only after time. O'Connor, who, on taking off his outer jersey threw it into the water, began remarkably well, and soon led by half a length. Searle sculled a much faster stroke, and the Canadian showed to the greater advantage, leading by almost a length between the



London and Thames boat-houses. Then the Australian began drawing up; and O'Connor, through looking at his opponent too much, caught a crab with the left hand, and, in four strokes, Searle was level. This virtually ended the history of the race, for, from this point, it was merely a question of what

Searle would Win by.

The verdict was six lengths, and the time 22 min. 42 sec., O'Connor's being 23 min. 4 sec. Searle's time to Hammersmith Bridge (8 min. 38 sec.) is the best on record. From a sporting point of view the race has made a very good impression; and, among rowing men, an expression of regret is universal that such races are no longer possible between English scullers.

Kildare Club Cycle Sports

drew our Lightning Sketcher to the well-kept Stamford-Bridge Grounds, last Saturday afternoon. In proof thereof, witness his handiwork. He has done his work so well that I don't know that I need add anything with respect to the contests. E. H. Pelling, L.A.C., 100-yards champion, deserves to be plumed, and my quill shall plume him accordingly for winning the 300-yards handicap from scratch in 31 2-5 sec. In the 120-yards handicap, Pelling, again starting from scratch, was second to E. K. House, of the Kildare Athletic Club, who had 9½ yards start, won by half a wheel only the open mile safety-bicycle handicap; W. E. Langton, Osborne C.C., 100 yards start, being second; time, 2 min. 47 4-5 sec. E. M. Mayes, Surrey B.C., was a good first in the five-mile open scratch race on ordinaries. Wood led for a long way; but Mayes beat D. M'Rae, London B.C., by two yards, Wood allowing the latter to race past him at the finish: time, 15 min. 22 1-5 sec. That good old sportsman Sir John Astley presented the prizes. There is to be a good exhibition of cycling this (Saturday) afternoon at the Oval, which will be the centre of attraction to our Lightning Sketcher.

J. Kibblewhite

(sketched in our last number) distinguished himself again last Saturday at the Tufnell Park Athletic



Club meeting. This fleet young express runner (express is not inappropriate, seeing he is engaged on the Great Western Railway) came in first in the four-miles inter-club race; beating W. U. Churley, Highgate Harriers, by three-quarters of a lap: time, 20 min. 50 4-5 sec.

The Scarborough Cricket Festival

is generally signalised by the compilation of a large individual innings. It was here, on the occasion of one of the visits of an Australian team, that Bonnor gave one of the finest exhibitions of powerful hitting ever seen, and Bonnor is, or perhaps I should say was, an even bigger hitter than C. J. Thornton. On Mitcham Common, in a practice-match, Bonnor hit the ball the prodigious distance of

148 Yards,

which is by far the greatest hit on record, measured or estimated. At Scarborough, on the occasion



referred to, he made 120, and in the compilation of it sent the ball clean out of the ground more than once. This time it is our well-beloved W. G. Grace who has distinguished himself, and this in wonderful fashion, for he remained at the wickets during nearly the whole of the playing hours on Saturday last, during which time he made 154 runs. The South, for whom he was playing, were badly behind in the first innings, the North having made 360, but Abel, the Surrey professional, and Mr. Grace played so wonderful a game that 226 runs were put on for the first wicket, this being

A Record

for a match of such high class. Mr. Grace could have had no more suitable partner than Abel, who made 105. Had time permitted the completion of the match a very large number of runs must have been scored, for already, for twenty-five wickets, 835 runs had been made. The worst of cricket in September is the early hour at which stumps have to be drawn. Another three hours—an hour for each of the three days—might have seen the match completed one way or the other.

In estimating the innings of Mr. Grace and Abel too much stress can scarcely be laid upon the fact that they were made off some of the

Best Bowling in England.

Attewell, Shacklock, Peel, Chatterton, Flowers, and Ulyett are all in the front rank, and were all bowling. Coupling this circumstance with Mr. Grace's years, it is doubtful if he ever played a finer innings than this 154, though his last year's 165, against the Australians, comes very close to it.

Association Footballers

are so eager for indulgence in their pastime that they will not allow cricket to be decently buried before they begin. The nature of Rugby football makes it compulsory upon its followers to wait until the sun-baked turf has lost some of its dangerous hardness, but there is very little risk in this score at "Socker," as the Association game is called at the Universities,

"Rugger" being the cant term for the other game. As I once before remarked, football in June is emphatically

Game out of Season,

and now I apply that remark to football in September. There is, however, no denying the fact that, in the North of England, the Midlands, and Scotland, the public do not think so. On Saturday last the Football League commenced its series of competitions, and at one match, that of Everton v. Blackburn Rovers, who are making strong efforts to put an invincible eleven in the field, 14,000 people were present; while in Glasgow no fewer than 20,000 paid to see the

Celebrated Queen's Park

Club play Celtic in the first round of the ties for the Scottish Cup. As is frequently the case with such large crowds, the people encroached upon the field of play, and the referee very properly ruled that the match should not count in the competition. As no goals were scored, this was a perfectly harmless thing to do, and the feelings of no one were hurt.

The success attending the experiment of the Football League, which is not antagonistic to the Football Association, has led to the foundation of other similar bodies, of which the

Football Alliance

shows good promise, several good clubs having joined it. They commenced operations on Saturday, upon which day that fine combination, Preston North End, were in the field in Scotland, playing Paisley Abercorn, with whom they drew, three goals each.



This year, for a change, there were no American competitors at our athletic championships, but at those of the United States, the bulk of which take place to-day, there will be some English runners. Sidney Thomas, our ten-miles champion, has just gone to America for a permanency, and will probably win the distance races, while our

Pole Jump Champion,

E. L. Stones, who is the guest of Mr. G. L. M. Sacks, goes for the championship. Mr. Sacks is a perfectly irrepressible gentleman. He it was who "engineered"—and generally paid for—the troupes of American athletes who used annually to invade England; and, now that public sentiment on this side has stopped these invasions, he is paying the expenses of our athletes to compete in America. It is a curious craze, this of Mr. Sacks's, and I wish I could say that it was productive of good, but I cannot. No amateur athlete of any social standing or possessed of any self-respect would allow himself to be franked at the expense of a stranger, while this taking away of young men from their work for months together and giving them a taste for an idle life that is *all* "beer and skittles," is distinctly harmful to the community. This is the

Abuse of Athletics

which does so much harm to an excellent cause—I



might say a national cause, for it is difficult to overestimate the value to us English of our love for muscular recreation.

The Lugger-Yacht Bubble

seems to be burst, for I read in the *Field* of Saturday last an advertisement to the effect that the lugger-yacht Paradox is "for sale or exchange." When the Paradox was launched a few short months ago wonderful powers were claimed for it. But she was badly beaten each time she started. Excuses were found for each defeat, it is true; but the value of these may be gleaned from the fact above stated. Years and years ago luggers were tried and found wanting. My last word on the

America Cup

is to quote from an American correspondent of a London Sunday paper. He says: "When the subject was first broached I cabled emphatically that there would be no race for the America Cup this year. My prediction was based upon what I know of the policy of the New York Yacht Club, which is to take all it can get and give nothing—unless some Boston member will volunteer to pay the piper. As the race was

Never Meant Here,

of course there were verbal misunderstandings." I should not quote these words did I not know that he who penned them is a man behind the scenes, and the most likely of anyone to know the exact truth. I do not anticipate many more America Cup races.

BANSHEE.

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FOR

SUMMER LEISURE.

The most Popular Musical Instrument of the Day is

A MELODEON.

The restful hours will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. Our world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves, and the charming Bell accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. Anyone can play upon them.

British Patent, No. 4492. German Patent, No. 24,110.

EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.
NO ONE DISSATISFIED.

THE "GEM" MELODEON
Is a Marvel of Cheapness.

THE "MINIATURE" MELODEON
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THE "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
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Do you wish to enjoy your Holiday at the Seaside? Then procure a MELODEON.

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Do you wish to form a Picnic or Dancing Party? Then procure one of OUR

GRAND PRESENTATION MELODEONS.

GOOD NEWS

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d. 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON.
8s. 6d. 8s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 8s. 6d. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
16s. 16s.
"By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent," with Patent Visible Double Valves, two Stops, Organ and Celestial Tone, and charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 16s. Worth Double.

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NO DECEPTION HERE.

The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling, and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.

"149, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, London, N., 1889.
"Sir,—I received the 'Gem' melodeon this morning, Wednesday, April the 3rd, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, G. ATTRIDGE."

"Training College, Saltley, Birmingham, 1889.
"Dear Sirs,—I received the 'Paragon' melodeon on Saturday morning. The beautiful instrument gives me entire satisfaction. I consider it a great bargain for the small sum of 13s. 6d. I shall be most happy to recommend it to any of my comrades who intend purchasing an instrument at any time, and thanks for your prompt attention to my order.—I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,
"F. H. ROE."

"R. I. Constabulary, Ballinea, Mullingar, Westmeath, Ireland, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co. Gentlemen,—My order to hand this morning, and, in a word, allow me to say it justly deserves the title of 'Favourite' melodeon. I can assure you I will be most happy to recommend your establishment—an establishment which has gained for itself a world-wide reputation. In conclusion, thank you so much for your punctuality in executing my order, and also you have my permission in using this unsolicited testimonial in any way you choose.—Yours, &c.,
"ROBERT MILLS HARKIN.

"Messrs. Campbell and Co."

A MOST ASTOUNDING FACT.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of our Patent Broad Reed Melodeons HAVE BEEN SOLD; and we have received the unprecedented number of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS and PRESS NOTICES from all parts of the World.

N.B.—Before purchasing a Musical Instrument of any other description, send for our NEW PRIVILEGE PRICE-LIST for 1889, now ready, entitling the holder to have any instruments mentioned in the List sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, at the very low price quoted for each article. This valuable List contains numerous Illustrations of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, sent on receipt of one penny stamp to CAMPBELL and CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, Glasgow.

MR. PENLEY'S LAST.

"DON'T you think, Mr. Penley," said a sweet gusher of forty summers, much taller than the dapper little comedian, "that there is a good deal printed about occurrences at the seaside that isn't true?"

"YES," replied Penley, "and I also think that there's a good deal that's true that isn't printed."

GEORGE'S RECIPE.

BRIDE: "George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are newly married." "All right, Maud, you can 'lug' this valise."

The late Mr. William Stirling, of Glasgow, who died recently, has left £20,000 to Glasgow charities. The deceased was a Turkey-red dyer.

Mr. T. Toole, of London, a passenger by the steamer Umbria, which arrived at Queenstown on Saturday morning, committed suicide in his state room by cutting his throat with a razor. An intermediate passenger died from consumption the next day. Both bodies were buried at sea.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills BUGS, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]



A WONDER OF THE AGE: NIAGARA FALLS DESCENDED IN A BARREL BY CARLISLE GRAHAM.

SHOOTING NIAGARA—AND AFTER.

NATTY, neat, and sunburnt, Mr. John Hollingshead looked anything but displeased, when we met him in the Strand the other day, at the splendid fresh advertisement given to M. Philippoteaux's colossal and grand Panorama of "Niagara in London" by the heroic—or, rather, foolhardy — achievement of Mr. Carlisle D. Graham, the adventurous American cooper. In London and in Paris alike people will regard with renewed interest the wonderfully realistic panoramas of Niagara exhibited in both cities, since the stupendous falls have been "shot" by a man in a barrel and, as alleged, by a rival in an india-rubber suit, *à la* Boyton.

Mr. Carlisle D. Graham

is sketched on the next page alongside the tall barrel in which, on the 11th of July and 19th of August, 1886, he successfully "negotiated" the Niagara Whirlpool Rapids, a terribly tempestuous tract of water, in which poor Captain Matthew Webb, the English Channel hero, lost his life some few years back. The king of the tight-rope, M. Blondin, crossed above the famous Falls on a tight-rope stretched from bank to bank on Aug. 17, 1859; and many have been the victims swept down the huge waterfalls, down that sheer fall of one hundred and fifty feet, into the foaming waters that engulfed them. But it was left to the intrepid American cooper sketched in our present Number to go down Niagara Falls in safety.

* * * * *

The barrel in which Carlisle Graham made his memorable voyage on Sunday morning, Aug. 25, is made of Chinese locust-wood, and is 4½ ft. long, 22 in. in diameter at the top, and 15 at the bottom, and at the bulge near the top nearly 27 in. It weighs 150 lb., and inside were two 50-lb. bags of sand, while a piece of railroad iron, weighing 25 lb., was attached to 50 ft. of rope to act as drag. Inside were canvas straps arranged to support Graham while on his trip.

* * * * *

The venturesome Graham entered the barrel through the manhole, and crouched upon the bottom, fastening himself with the straps. The manhole was then closed and battered down with a tarpaulin barrel and towed into the middle of the river, a short distance above the Falls. When turned adrift it started slowly, but when it reached the Horseshoe Rapids it began to whirl about—now below surface, now above, advancing rapidly to

The Brink of the Cataract,

over which it passed without shooting outward, remaining in the water for the entire distance. A minute and a half later it reappeared, bobbing about in the foam at the foot of the Falls, and soon drifted into the eddies about a hundred feet away. The friends of Graham hastened to pull the barrel ashore. The iron fastenings of the manhole were so bent that they could scarcely be moved, and, moreover, Graham had fastened it inside with an iron bolt, which he had not sufficient strength to pull back. The barrel had to be burst open to get him out.

Graham was found to be more Dead than Alive,

but stimulants soon revived him. He had been in the barrel fifty minutes, and he was considerably bruised, but not seriously injured.

Graham's Narrative.

He says of his experiences: "I went down the Horseshoe Rapids so quickly that I was hardly prepared. The first thing I knew seemed to be going into a deep abyss, and then I got a crack on the head such as a policeman might give to a drunken man. Then I didn't know much. I was tossed about like a feather. I could not get much air, and did not dare to change my position. I had braced myself up with the aid of the straps, so that I was sure I should not strike my head again. I cannot tell just when I did go over the Falls, for the awful shaking-up stupefied me. I felt happy, like a man who is passing into a painless death by drowning. There was a sense of danger mixed with the pleasure, and the sensation was pleasanter than those I experience now after accomplishing the feat. There were many shocks on the trip, but none so great as the first one, and the mere act of going over the Falls did not make itself particularly felt. I was not entirely oblivious, but felt helpless and voiceless. There was the terrible roar in my ears. I tried to speak aloud in the barrel to break it, but I could not. It was simply awful, yet I felt contented and resigned. I cannot now understand how it was. I knew I really was over Niagara Falls when the barrel went into the eddies. I was almost insensible. They rapped on the barrel and shouted to me. I could hear them talk to me, and tried to answer, but I could not. Finally they broke open the barrel. I did not faint, but I do not know what happened for a while. I shall never repeat the attempt: once is enough."

STEVE BRODIE'S ALLEGED NIAGARA FEAT.

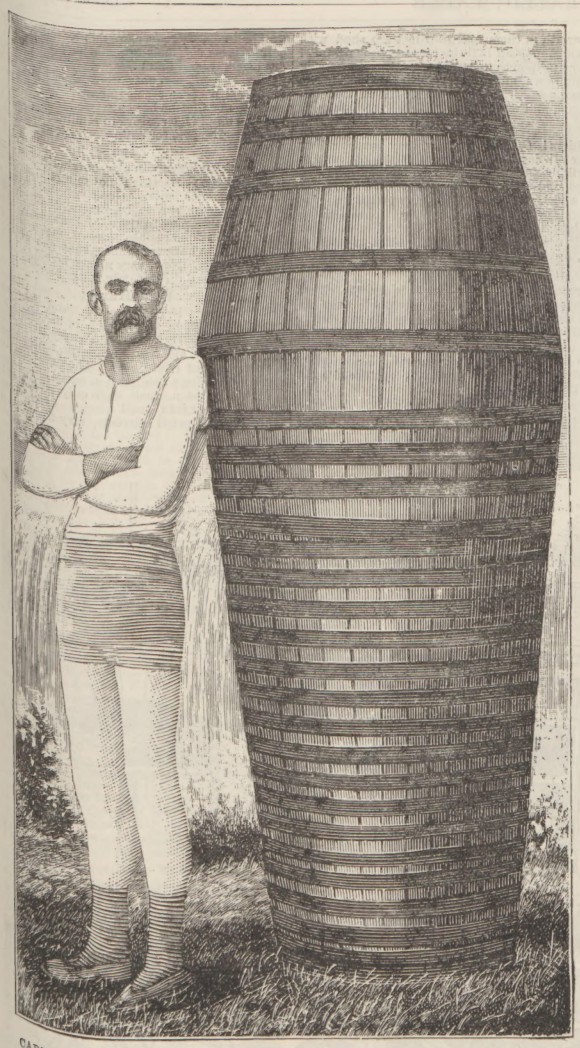
GRAHAM'S feat of passing down Niagara in a barrel was equalled last Saturday, Sept. 7, it is alleged, by a man called Steve Brodie. He is said to have gone over in a rubber suit, and escaped alive! Brodie is the man who jumped from Brooklyn Bridge a few years ago.

* * * * *

At about daylight on Saturday he went to a point about 600 ft. above the Falls, accompanied by two friends. They padded his body heavily with cotton and surrounded it with steel bands, and then pulled over all a rubber suit, and finally placed him in the water with two paddles, with which he was to keep himself upright and steer, after the style made familiar by Captain Paul Boyton.

* * * * *

Brodie was whirled rapidly to and over the Falls. His friends were watching below. For fully two minutes after he first disappeared he remained invisible amid the mist and foam at the foot of the Falls. Suddenly a small black spot was seen tossing like a cork in the seething mass of waters, whisked first to the American shore, then to the Canadian side, at a bewildering speed. As it neared the latter a man plunged in and, casting a rope about Brodie, pulled him ashore. He was insensible, and blood was oozing from his ears, nose, and mouth. He was stripped and given brandy and ammonia, and slowly recovered consciousness. He was believed at first to be fatally injured internally, but a careful examination showed that his injuries are confined to a



CARLISLE D. GRAHAM, THE NIAGARA HERO, AND THE BARREL IN WHICH HE TRAVERSED THE NIAGARA RAPIDS ON JULY 11 AND AUGUST 19, 1886.

severe strain of the left ankle and back, and many bruises all over the body.

Brodie's Story.

When able to talk he gave the following account of his experiences: "After entering the barrel I weakened, and would have given anything if I could have got once more on land. I attempted to swim ashore by using my paddles, but the swift current swept me back and turned my foot towards the brink of the cataract. When I saw it would be impossible to get out, I felt as a man does who is to meet his death, and I prayed for dear life. Just as I came to the brink I became unconscious through fright, and remained so until I struck the water at the base of the Falls. There the force with which I struck accidentally brought me to, but I knew no more until I found myself lying ashore."

Brodie was soon afterwards arrested by the Canadian authorities on a charge of attempting to commit suicide, but released on giving bonds not to try the trip again within a year.

* * * *

The above was the statement of the *Daily News'* New York Correspondent. But it is qualified by the cautious comment of the *Standard's* New York Correspondent, who said that Brodie's achievement fell flat because "his excessive caution against punishment for attempting to commit suicide resulted in a lack of absolutely satisfactory evidence as to the true character of the experiment."

THE LONDON DOCKERS' STRIKE.

THE formidable strike of London Dockers, though it has occasioned much suffering among the Dockmen and their families, and caused great loss and inconvenience in commercial circles, has at the same time had one unquestionably beneficial effect. It has aroused universal sympathy with the poor East-End millions who have hitherto laboured under conditions which placed them and those dependent upon them within an ace of starvation. The thousands of pounds subscribed for the maintenance of the Dockers during the struggle for a wage of sixpence per hour—subscribed not only by the wealthy Trades Unions and from sympathetic English Peers, M.P.'s, and merchants, but from men and women of all classes, but also from far-away Australia, whence colossal sums have been "wired" home—afford solid, substantial proof that Labour is a greater power than ever in the world, and that the vast majority of People heartily wish the toiling Millions better days and happier times. Truth to tell, the interests of Capital and Labour are identical; and, though Capital must always take the lion's share of the profits, the hour has arrived when Labour should at length share in fair proportions the reward of industry and skill. This is the one right and rational solution of the vexed question of Capital v. Labour. Where it *is* adopted, Capital and Labour work smoothly together, and contentment reasonably prevails.

* * * * *

Mr. Ben Tillett organised the Dockers' Strike to improve, in a measure, the hard lot of a large class of humble labourers with whose privations he has for many years been familiar. The virtual concession last week of the dockers' terms by Mr. Lafone, on behalf of a number of the wharfingers, and the shipowners' offer to the Dock Company to engage the men directly, on their own terms, have been pointed to by the Dockmen to show they had right on their side. There was a fair hope at the close of last week that the intermediation of the Lord Mayor, Archbishop Manning, and the Bishop of London, with Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., would end the strike. Indeed, on Saturday night one paper actually published what looked like the good news that the long strike was at an end. But the news, unfortunately, turned out to be premature. What had happened was this. The aforesaid Mansion House Committee had consulted with Mr. Tillett and Mr. John Burns. The Lord Mayor first suggested that the promise of the Sixpenny rate by the Dock Company, to begin next March, should be accepted by the men; but his Lordship, finding this unacceptable, next named New Year's Day as the date on which the new rate should be paid. Mr. Tillett, on his side, could only say he would recommend this settlement to the men. The Dock Company *did* accept this compromise. At Sunday afternoon's Hyde Park meeting, however, Mr. Burns and Mr. Tillett both made it known that the men would not accept these terms. Mr. Tillett, in a drily humorous speech, contended that the First of October ought to be the very latest date the Dockers should tarry for till the full sixpence was granted. The Lord Mayor appears to have been put out at this difference of opinion.

Mr. Lafone Summed Up the Situation

clearly and well in the letter this conciliatory and sensible wharfinger wrote from Butler's Wharf to the then irate Lord Mayor:—

My Lord,—Permit me to point out to your Lordship that in Mr. Norwood's proposal of Saturday's date offering 6d. per hour to the dockers on and after 1st January next, an acceptance of which was to reach you on Saturday evening to make it binding, Mr. Norwood wrote a formal proposal trusting to make use of you, and the great interests you represent, to have his terms accepted. Has he attempted to deal fairly with you, the public, or the men on strike? His proposal frees him entirely of his agreement on Thursday week to grant a minimum of 2s., to do away with that abominable contract system, and to pay 6d. for day work from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. or 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. In a formal document for the men to agree to, surely these and the 8d. overtime for casuals should have been clearly stated. The delay asked for by Mr. Norwood is quite unnecessary. A Port of London rate-book can be got out in one week if representatives of the docks, wharves, granaries, and importers are at once called together, and as the cost of landing, working, warehousing, and delivery of every class of produce is well known to those interested, let an addition equal to the increase of wage to be paid and a fair and reasonable percentage of profit be added. This will prevent the absurd cutting of rates in which the two Dock Companies have long indulged, with the avowed intention of ruining every wharf and granary proprietor, and will enable all to live, and the Dock Companies to pay a reasonable dividend.—I am, &c., HY. LAFONE.

To this Lord Mayor Whitehead replied:—

Sir,—In reply to your letter of to-day, I think you misapprehend the terms of the Dock Companies. All the previous concessions indicated by you are included in the new agreement. The only point remaining in dispute was the 6d. per hour, and it was this which the directors agreed to give (on Saturday) from 1st January next. I hope sincerely that some reasonable compromise as to the date may be effected by mutual agreement in the course of to-day.

* * * * *

Monday, however, brought no agreement. The resolute speeches of Mr. Tillett and Mr. Burns, on Tower-hill, and the cheers of the men, indicated that all were of opinion that the sixpence per hour should be given as early as the 1st of October. Mr. Ben Tillett declared that three weeks till October was a sufficiently long period to enable even such slow coaches as the Dock Directors to make up their minds. Mr. Burns, when he took up the tale, commenced with the practical part of the business in so far as it related to finance. The Sunday collections, he said, had amounted to £500 or £600, but he had that morning received a cheque for £1000 from Australia. Mr. Burns said the men's terms must be conceded by Thursday, or the Dock Companies must face permanent insolvency, and probably bankruptcy in the next two or three weeks. He reiterated the denial he had already given at the same place and in Hyde Park as to his alleged acceptance of the proposed terms commencing from Jan. 1, declaring that he would rather go to jail than be guilty of a lie or a breach of faith. In conclusion, he congratulated the strikers on their temper and attitude, and elicited from them a unanimous asseveration of their resolve not to surrender.

* * * *

The Tower-hill meeting was followed by the usual procession through the City. It was not quite so long as before, and the effigy of Mr. Norwood on a gibbet, with a coffin close by, was no longer carried. As the processionists passed the offices of the P. and O. Company, in Leadenhall-street, where the shipowners meet, they cheered; and a few steps farther on, opposite the Dock House, demonstrations of a contrary character were indulged in.

* * * * *

Conferences, nevertheless, took place on Monday at the Mansion House between the Lord Mayor, Cardinal Manning, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Sydney Buxton, as members of the Committee of Conciliation on the one hand, and Mr. Burns, Mr. Tillett, and other strike leaders on the other, with reference to the proposed compromise. Mr. Norwood called, and stated the determination of the directors to adhere to Jan. 1 as the day on which they were prepared to pay the sixpence per hour to the men. The men's representatives, however, remained firm in their resolve to demand the increased pay as from Oct. 1. It was understood that the conference broke up without any conclusion being arrived at, and, as the Lord Mayor and the Bishop of London, who is also a member of the Committee, both went out of town, it was expected that nothing more would be done for some days by the Mansion House Committee. At a representative meeting of Nonconformists at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, on Monday afternoon, it was resolved that the Free Churches of the metropolis should be invited to contribute specially towards the relief of distress occasioned at the East-End through the strike.



TYPES OF THE LONDON DOCKMEN ON STRIKE: OUTSIDE THE WEST INDIA DOCKS.

Mr. Benzon last week entertained a number of visitors to a sumptuous ball at one of the hotels of Scarborough.

Another Long Swim.—Tom C. Easton had a good swim in the Thames on Sept. 6. Diving into the river from a boat off Blackwall Pier about eleven in the morning, Easton swam past North Woolwich, and reached as far as Grays Church, where he left the water, having swum for 5 h. 43 m. 18½ sec.

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"]

XIV.—MASTER AND SERVANT.

LORD BACON desired that his essays should come home to men's "businesses and bossoms." The same may be said of the law as to servants, and especially domestic servants. Every housewife has to know something about it, and happy indeed is the husband who never hears anything of the topic.

Much that we have said in our last Article (XIII.) on employer and workman applies to the relations of master, mistress, and domestic or other servants. The contract need not be in writing, unless for more than a year, and, indeed, such questions rarely arise, for it is usually a monthly hiring. A general hiring of menial or household servants, including cooks, housemaids, coachmen, and grooms, where no time is mentioned for the duration of the service, can be terminated by custom and usage at the option of either party on a month's warning or by payment of a month's wages. Indeed, so strong is this custom, so generally has it been recognised in the courts of law, that even if, say, a butler or coachman were employed on a *written* contract for a year's service, the law would, impliedly, annex to the express terms of the written agreement the customary power of determining the contract by a

Month's Warning or a Month's Wages,

unless the custom were expressly excluded by the words of the written agreement. A servant may be what is called "a monthly servant"—that is, practically, a domestic servant in law, and, as such, entitled to a month's wages or a month's notice, although he does not reside within the walls of his master's house. For example, a head gardener with one hundred pounds yearly wages and a house in the grounds, or a huntsman at the same salary, with a house to live in, and perquisites, have both been held to be domestic servants to whom this rule of a month's notice or a month's wages would apply. But it has been decided that a farm bailiff or governess is not a monthly servant to whom this rule would apply, unless, of course, it was so expressly agreed between the parties. It is convenient here to say, generally, that persons serving as clerks, governesses, and the like are not domestic servants in the ordinary sense; and, if employed without any express agreement as to time, they cannot, except for serious misconduct, be dismissed without reasonable notice, expiring usually at the end of the current year of service. Custom, however, sometimes affects the length and date of such notice, and each case must, on this point, be decided by its own circumstances. It is very usual in such cases to have a verbal arrangement for three months' or a quarter's notice.

If a servant be injured in the course of his employment from negligence of the master or mistress, or defects in the premises, the master or, if there be none, the mistress must make

Compensation to the Servant.

But a master is not liable for injuries which one servant has sustained through the negligence of another, provided, of course, that the master takes care that his servants are persons of competent skill and ordinary carefulness. If a servant is temporarily disabled or falls sick while employed in his master's business, the master is not entitled to make any deduction from the agreed wages for the time that the servant was incapacitated for the performance of his ordinary work. If, however, the servant has been struck down with disease, and is permanently disabled, so that he can never expect to resume work, the hiring ends, and the master may dismiss the servant. A domestic servant is, unless otherwise agreed, entitled to be properly fed and lodged by the master, but cannot require him to provide medical attendance. If, however, such attendance be paid for voluntarily by the master, he cannot, unless agreed, deduct it from wages. Injuries in domestic service are, of course, generally much less frequent than those in an ordinary factory, and the Employers and Workmen Act 1875 (referred to in our last article, and which gives a right to compensation for some injuries) does not apply to domestic servants.

A servant impliedly undertakes to obey the just and reasonable commands of the master or mistress, and to be careful, diligent, and industrious. If a servant professes to be capable of undertaking an office of skill and does not possess that skill, or fails to exercise it, he is liable for a breach of contract; and, if he is utterly incompetent, the employer is not bound to go on employing him to the end of the term, but may at once dismiss him. A master or mistress may dismiss a servant for serious misconduct—that is to say, if a servant wilfully disobeys or neglects the just and reasonable orders of the master or mistress, or the domestic regulations, or is guilty of gross moral misconduct, or fraud and deceit, to the injury of the master or mistress, the

Servant may be Dismissed.

But temporary absence without leave, producing no serious inconvenience, or occasional disobedience in trifling matters, or reasonable absence for the purpose of obtaining medical assistance, or procuring a situation, will not justify the master in dismissing the servant.

LEX.

ANSWERS.

RAVENSTEIN.—In the absence of any special agreement with the landlord, trees and bushes, although of value and planted by the tenant, cannot be removed without the landlord's consent, nor can any compensation be recovered for them. They belong to the landlord, who alone can make arrangements with the incoming tenant.

DEFIANCE cannot prevent police searching his box, if a search warrant in usual form issued under Larceny Act to search for stolen goods, on his father's premises.

H. J. P. does not say if the agreement expresses anything upon the point. If the master before signature held out that he had been apprenticed, and thus induced H. J. P. to apprentice his son, H. J. P. might prosecute for false pretences, or apply to a Police Magistrate or Justices of the Peace to recover the premium. If, however, no such representation were made, and the master carries out his part of the agreement, the son suffers no damage.

JOCK.—Yes. A Bastardy Order can be made against a minor, but his parents cannot be compelled to pay the debt. Such things are not "necessaries" even for minors.

A. J.—Get a new note in proper form, or sue at once for the money lent. A new note would be good for six years at least.

A. READINGS.—Yours is not a question of law, but of fact and common information, which does not come within the scope of this column.

QUEEN'S PARK.—C may be entitled to the rent, as A may have legally disposed of the premises to C subject to B's tenancy of part. B's consent is not necessary to such disposal.

IONA.—In the case of your daughter, aged eighteen, who desires to live with you—her mother—you may safely defy the father to do his worst; for, under the circumstances, the Law Courts would, on proof of all the facts you allege, not be likely to help him in the least.

LEX.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

In that recent sad and shameful story of a woman in peril of her life by reason of her own folly, sin, and lack of principle,

Complexion

was a word very often used. I suppose there are very few women in the world who do not take some thought for their complexions. It is, no doubt, very charming and attractive to have a pure, clear skin and a pretty colour, or to be pure and clear without colour; and the majority of women, when their skins look sallow and muddy, never pause to ask if they are about to do the wisest and most efficacious thing to effect a cure. They simply try one

Cosmetic

after another; they rub in pastes and unguents; they powder and paint; and very soon their last state is worse than their first. It seems to me very strange that it occurs to so few women to work from the inside out rather than from the outside in. "But," you say, "what can my inside have to do with my complexion?" Why, it has everything to do with it. Of course, you may inherit a bad skin from your

Grandmother;

but that is the very reason why you should do your very best, by strict attention to your health, to bring a good complexion into the family for the sake of your yet unborn grand- and great-granddaughters! I am quite aware that some of the occupations that numbers of women have to engage in, now that the

Struggle for Existence

is becoming so serious, make it almost impossible for the complexion to be otherwise than dull, dingy, and blotchy; but it is a fact that, by just a little care and attention, a great improvement can be made. For instance, you can all sleep in well-ventilated rooms, you can bestow more care upon warm and sensible clothing in winter than upon tawdry little dabs of so-called fashionable finery! Do not have your hats and bonnets covered with

Cheap Flowers

and feathers, while your under-garments have no warmth in them, and your feet are shod with boots made of stuff little better than brown paper! Better a million times have a plainly made, homely looking gown, and warm woollen garments inside it, than a smart frock, much be-frilled and be-flounced, and worn over

Bare and Shivering

shoulders! Girls are so silly they would rather shiver all day long than run the risk of spoiling their figures by wearing a warm woollen vest or bodice under their gowns. How often have I seen a girl, who would have been pretty had she not done everything in her power to retard the circulation of her blood, going to her work, or her classes, with her wasp-like waist exposed to view, as well as sleeves fitting like an

Outer Skin,

and reaching about half-way between the elbow and waist, and so tight at the armhole that the arms stuck out from her shoulders like two pump handles (to raise them to her head would have been impossible)! By way of outdoor wrap she wears a fur cape so small that it barely covers her lungs, back or front; but then, think how nicely it shows

Her Figure;

and, in comparison with that fact, does it matter that her nose is red, and her cheeks mottled, and, what is worse, that they are likely to remain so? For her digestion is bad, and she lives chiefly upon buns, tarts, and sweetstuff. Perhaps some of you will tell me that you cannot afford to eat

Wholesome Food.

But that is simply nonsense. Unwholesome food is simply slow poison; and what you save in the purchase of cheap, bad food you have to spend, with addition, in paying doctors' bills. Indifferent meat, badly cooked, ruins the health, indigestion ruins the complexion, and both combine to ruin the temper; and by degrees the physical and moral tone is lowered, the

Battle of Life

becomes hard to fight, and marriage is too often a failure! It is hard to make women believe it, but the moral influence of good health is enormous, and tough legs of mutton, leathery beefsteaks, and cold, sodden toast have had their share in undermining the

Happiness

of many and many a home. Next week I hope to give a word or two of advice about cosmetics.

I should not wonder in the least if, while the girls were worrying more or less about their complexions, the mistress of many a household was often at her wits' end what do with the

Cold Mutton!

There is generally so much of it, unless during the holidays there are, perhaps, some hungry cormorants of schoolboys, who mercifully put it out of sight, and find no fault. Did it ever occur to any of you, my dear women, what a lot of hind legs a sheep seems to have? It is all nonsense to say that he has only two. I suppose you will not mind if I venture to remind you that he sheep are the best for eating. Look at all the

Legs

you see hanging up in any butcher's shop you pass, and ask yourself is it not miraculous where they all come from. Good whist-players, I believe, always say to beginners, "When you are in doubt, play trumps." I am sure, when the mistress of a house cannot make up her mind what to have for dinner, that she orders a leg of mutton. Now, very nicely boiled, i. is by no means a bad dish, if only it has been

Well Hung;

but woe is me if it is tough! And then, as I said before, there is so much of it left. It is possible to make a fairly good curry out of cold boiled mutton, although, of course, curry ought to be made of fresh meat. The following is a good receipt for a cold mutton curry:—

If you want a small dish only, cut about a pound of meat into small pieces. Chop a small onion, or two small eshallots, very fine, and fry them in lard to a light brown. Take as much curry-powder as will make the dish hot enough for your taste—about a quarter of an ounce; mix with it one ounce of flour, and blend the whole with, say, a pint of good stock—I take for granted that, as a good and

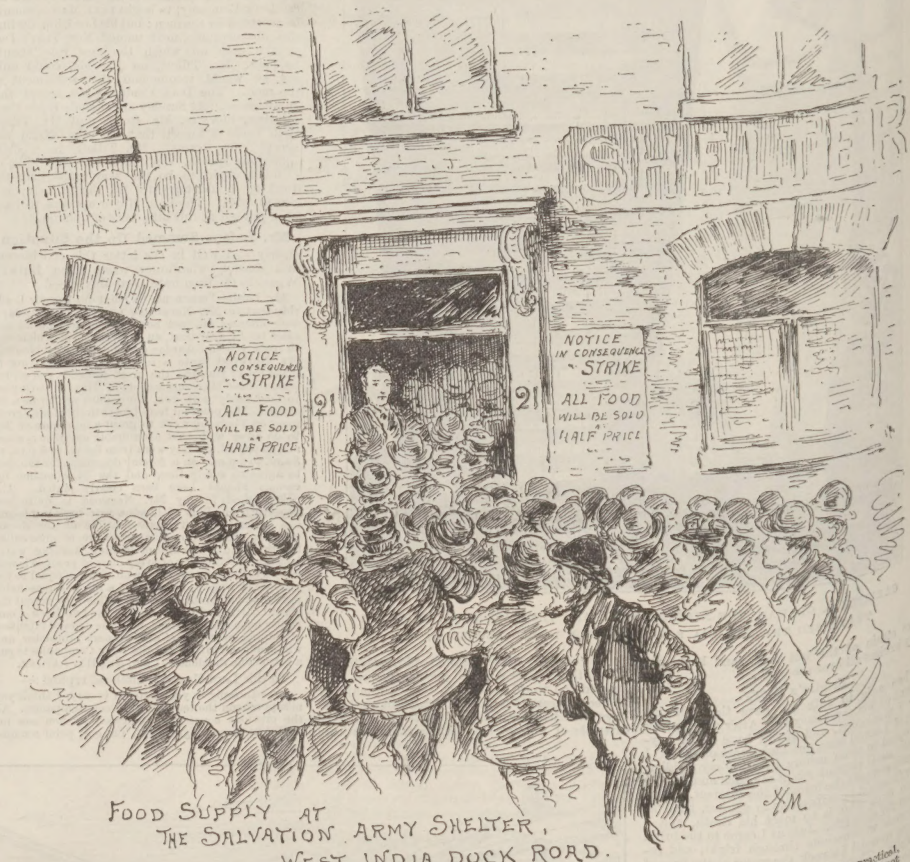
Economical

housekeeper, you have a stock-pot—add the fried onion, a squeeze or two of a lemon, half an ounce of butter, a dessert-spoonful of Worcester sauce, or a tea-spoonful of Liebig's Extract of Beef, and a little salt, if there is a deficiency in the stock. Put this seasoned gravy into a saucepan, and let it just come to the boil, stirring it all the time. Then add the meat; shake the saucepan over the fire for a few seconds, and set on where it will very hot dish with a wall of properly boiled rice round it. By this mode of cooking you will have an excellent curry, and the meat will be

MARGUERITE.

tender.

NERVE FORCE ACTUALLY RE-CREATED without drugs by mild continuous currents of Electricity—imperceptibly generated by simply wearing one of Hawkes' Electropathic Rheumatic Belts. Sceptics should call and see them personally tested, and persons y inspect ne ? thousand unsolicited testimonials received from ne ? health, gratitude who have been permanently restored to this natural, simple, and pleasant means of cure. Medical Battery Company, Limited, at their Electrical Institute and advice free of charge, on application to The Manager, Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). All communications are considered strictly private, and should be addressed to Mr. C. H. Harness, President.—[ADVT.]



FOOD SUPPLY AT THE SALVATION ARMY SHELTER, WEST INDIA DOCK ROAD.

Mr. John Burns says: "The Salvation Army has indeed done magnificent service to the workmen in the present crisis. I have been surprised at the practical, business-like good sense with which they have conducted the feeding of so many thousands of people from day to day. It has been quite admirable, and you cannot speak too highly of the spirit with which they have put their shoulders to the work."

THE GREAT STRIKE OF LONDON DOCKMEN.

Sketched by our Special Artist.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

Volunteer Musketry Instructors.

Only a week or two back it was mentioned that the Hythe School is to be reopened to Volunteer officers, and the hope expressed that—with a coincident addition of ranges—improved shooting among the Volunteers might be the result. The matter has now gone a little further, for the War Office has issued a circular to every Colonel of Volunteer infantry, in which the latter is invited to send one of his officers to join the new Hythe class, with a view to his becoming the musketry instructor. That is excellent. No Volunteer corps ought ever to have been without a Hythe-trained musketry instructor. But, now that the school is to reopen, could not the War Office have selected a more convenient time? It is stated in the Duke's invitation that work will begin on Dec. 9, and last four weeks—a period which includes not only Christmas and its holidays, but the busy time which precedes the great national festival. Will the War Office never realise that the best Volunteer officers—the men who devote their leisure hours to fitting themselves for their duties—are essentially men of business, and, therefore, not at all ready to give up the whole of December and a week of January, and live during those weeks isolated in a remote corner of the country? By all means the scheme should go on, but the time selected for conducting it is about as bad as can well be. Two hundred and forty officers have been invited. If they cannot be got, will the Duke take sergeants instead? About the most surprising event of the week certainly among those who make shooting their pleasure, is

Captain Mildmay's Resignation

of the post as Secretary of the National Rifle Association. It is being said that his resignation has been in the air for months, even before the Wimbledon meeting. It

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"BEAUTIFUL BOURNEMOUTH."

(By Our Own Holiday-maker.)

LETTER II., AND LAST.

One returns to "Beautiful Bournemouth" with unfailing delight. Every town one visits leaves behind a certain general impression—as, for example, of stately buildings, or of innumerable tall chimneys, or of public parks, or of



"BEAUTIFUL BOURNEMOUTH," VIEWED FROM THE EAST CLIFF.

From a Photograph sent to "The Penny Illustrated Paper," by Messrs. G. West and Son, The Arcade, Bournemouth.

acres of dull-red brick. "Beautiful Bournemouth" leaves behind an impression of green and white—green trees and white houses. Indeed, what with the pines, the clear air, and the white walls, I have felt at times a certain Italian impression conveyed to me by Bournemouth, as I also have by Torquay. The "blackguardly villas" which called forth Mr. William Morris's unjustifiable wrath are generally detached, each in its own grounds, and situated in quiet roads cut out of the pine-woods. Imagine miles of these silent roads,

Umbrageous and Delightful.

Occasionally, a swift tricycle or a party of equestrians breaks the stillness. The people who live in these villas look very proper, and evidently belong to what Carlyle called the class of "gigmanity." Indeed, if you are of a Bohemian turn of mind, Bournemouth overwhelms you by its immense and overpowering respectability. But all the people do not live in these villas, for Bournemouth has some of the best hotels to be found on the south coast. Indeed, the finest building in Bournemouth is a hotel—

The Mont Dore.

This beautiful Italian building stands on high ground among pine-woods, and commands a grand view of the sea. It is five storeys high, and has a square turret over the centre, affords charming apartments, a fine Winter Garden, reading-room, an exceptionally fine billiard-room, passenger-lifts, three grass tennis-courts, noted as the scene of tennis tournaments, a fine bathing establishment connected with the hotel by a glass corridor, and four acres of gardens laid out among the pines. If you are a millionaire, this is the place for you. But there are several other very

Pretty and Pleasant Hotels in Bournemouth.

The Imperial stands on the East Cliff, close to the sea; the Exeter Park is a fine stone building looking on the sea and the pines; the Royal Bath commands a view of both the bay and the public gardens; while the pretty æsthetic Boscombe Chine Hotel, with its gables, bays, and balconies, situated in its own grounds of three acres on the lovely East Cliff, is as attractive as any. Boscombe is, indeed, a charmingly picturesque and salubrious part of "Beautiful Bournemouth" to live in; and to its natural attractions has lately been added a fine pier. All that you need in any of these pretty places is plenty of money, and then you can have what our American friends call "a good time." If, however, you are vexed, like most of us, by the "eternal want of pence," you will go to one of the numerous boarding-houses in which Bournemouth abounds.

There is no place like Bournemouth for interesting excursions—not one that I know of. Remember that Bournemouth is near to the sylvan glades of

The New Forest,

and consider what that means on a bright day in early June or late October, when you can almost hear Pan's piping, and fancy, as did the Greek, the presence of the dryad of the wood. To me, however, a still more interesting place is the

Old Town of Christchurch,

five miles to the east of Bournemouth, to be reached by train or by walk or drive through Boscombe and Southbourne. Delightful are these contrasts of old and new—as, for example, in the proximity of ancient Warwick to modern Leamington. What Warwick is to Leamington, that is Christchurch to Bournemouth. The old town was occupied by the Romans, and is mentioned in the "Saxon Chronicle." It has lived through a comparatively uneventful history all these centuries, and to-day is an old straggling place of about 9000 people. Its centre and ornament, the very soul of its being, is the

Magnificent Priory Church.

The nave is the work of Flambard, Bishop of Durham, who flourished in the reign of William Rufus, and who dedicated the church to Jesus Christ. It is 118 ft. long by 58 ft. wide, and consists of seven bays, each divided by a clustered group of semicircular shafts. The roof is of ancient timber. The great west window embodies a fine design of the Te Deum: it is 34 ft. high, and has thirty lights. The massive Norman bays, the vastness of the nave, the richness of sculpture are exceedingly impressive. The rood-screen is of stone work: behind it are the handsome stalls, thirty-six in number, begun in the thirteenth century. The carvings of the choir seats give an idea of the humour and fun which entered into the joyous work of church-building six centuries ago. There is a countryman with his head in a collar, a monk at prayers with a dog eating up his porridge, a fox preaching to the geese, three faces with monks' cowls under one hat, &c. There is one object in the church which may interest you more than even the splendid architecture—viz., the

Monument to Shelley.

It stands near the font under the west window, and is of white marble. On it are engraved these lines from Shelley's noble poem "Adonais" (an elegy in memory of the poet Keats), beginning—

He hath outsoared the shadow of our night.

The last time I was in this church happened to be on an Easter Sunday, when the Athanasian creed was sung by the congregation. It was curious and incongruous to hear the incomprehensible dogmas and awful curses of this great historic composition sung by ignorant school-children, rustics, and choir-boys in presence of the silent marble commemorating the great Pantheist poet. Still more incongruous was it to see "doles" of bread given by the clergy to the poor at the church porch, and to reflect on what Shelley would have said of this degrading "charity." I was glad to wander out into the old churchyard and to lean against the old wall listening to the battling of the little sparkling river. Near by are the remains of the feudal castle which surrendered to Sir William Waller in 1644 during the struggle between King and Parliament, after some eight centuries of existence.

There is another pleasant expedition from Bournemouth—that, namely,

To Swanage and Corfe Castle.

You can go to Swanage by rail if you do not like the sea; but on a fine day the sea trip is very pleasant. It is cheap, and exceedingly appetising, causing the voyager to relish lunch or dinner with a gusto rare in London. Swanage is a curious, quiet, old-world, hilly place, with a beautiful bay, usually calm and exceptionally pleasant for bathers. Swanage Bay has, indeed, from the beautiful blue of its waters, been likened to the Bay of Naples on a small scale. Swanage also boasts very interesting quarries, from the stone of which many edifices have been built. That popular novelist and dramatist, Mr. George Manville Fenn, is ruralising at Swanage just now. A char-à-banc, or four-in-hand, will take you from Swanage to

Corfe Castle.

Corfe, a mere village, used to return two members to Parliament up to 1832. Within the castle Edward the Martyr was stabbed as he sat on horseback drinking a cup of wine. The visitor will, no doubt, have vague reminiscences of this story derived from school histories. The deed was committed 910 years ago, and has not yet been resolved by critics into a sun-myth. The castle was destroyed by the Danes, and rebuilt after the Norman Conquest. There it stood for nearly six centuries, when it was besieged by Fairfax, and fell through treachery into his hands. The fortress was dismantled by the orders of Parliament. You can meditate over these events, and over the vicissitudes of human affairs, as you drive back to Swanage.

When staying at Bournemouth, do not neglect to visit

Wimborne Minster,

nine and a half miles distant by rail or road. It is an old town, is Wimborne, a nunnery having been founded there in the eighth century. After this was destroyed by the Danes, Edward the Confessor built in its place a church for secular Canons—the germ of the present structure. In the sacristy is a fine copy of Raleigh's "History of the World," a polyglot Bible, and a copy of the Breeches Bible. Prior the poet in his youthful days spent much time in this sacristy, which the church contains a monument to his memory.

Canford House, near Wimborne,

is also worth a visit. It is a modern place, on the site of an old convent, and still retaining the kitchen of "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster." The grounds of this fine house are lovely.

The Old Town of Poole

is quite close to Bournemouth. You can reach it by train from West Bournemouth, or by a walk through pretty, healthy Parkstone. Poole has had its ups and downs. An important place in the time of Edward III., afterwards a fishing village, then again having much trade with Spain in the time of Elizabeth, Poole was a Parliamentary stronghold in the Civil Wars. Now it has settled down into a quiet, sleepy, comfortable old town, with some shipbuilding, corn trade, manufacture of sail-cloth, and fisheries. An excellent Free Library and a School of Art in the Queen Anne style of architecture have recently been added to the public buildings of the town. Poole has a fine large harbour, but with a good deal of sand across its mouth. Poole people like to visit Brownsea Island, a richly wooded islet in the middle of the harbour.

With all these places of interest within easy distance, and with its own loveliness added,

Bournemouth is a Pleasant and Attractive Seaside Town;

and he who has escaped from the nipping, eager air of autumn in town, or from the foggy gloom of London winter, to its evergreens and lovely array of flowers, who has rambled by its sandy shore and breathed the health-giving perfume of its pines, will long to go there again and again.

I suppose I ought to have begun with the

History of Bournemouth;

but Bournemouth has no history, and therefore ought to be supremely happy, if some political philosophers are to be believed. Less than a century ago the valley of the little river Bourne was uninhabited, except by gentlemanly smugglers. But a Dorsetshire gentleman named Tregonwell "discovered" Bournemouth, as Alexander Dumas "discovered" Trouville. In 1836 Sir George Jervis began building there, and from that time civilisation has rapidly advanced, invaded this pine-clad region. I do not think that the virtuous and enterprising people of Bournemouth are a distinct improvement on the smugglers; but all the same do I suppose the waves of civilisation will not entirely submerge this beautiful place. To one who has come to his health in the invigorating, pine-scented air of "Beautiful Bournemouth," it is a matter of duty and pleasure alike gratefully to sing the praises.

"A NEW POISON."—Sherbet coloured pink with aniline dye is a new and dangerous form of poison. Eno's FRUIT SALT (a simple and natural saline) is useful, and can never do any harm. The value of Fruit Salt cannot be told. Its success in Australia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand is marvellous. Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked "Eno's Fruit Salt: without it, you have been imposed on by worthless and occasionally poisonous imitations. Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London, S.E., by Eno's Patent.—[ADVT.]



"BEAUTIFUL BOURNEMOUTH": A DELIGHTFUL WALK IN THE PICTURESQUE PUBLIC GARDENS.

From a Photograph sent to "The Penny Illustrated Paper," by Messrs. G. West and Son, The Arcade, Bournemouth.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

BERLIN.—[Letter VIII.—Last.]

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The Berlin Theatres

are almost all crowded—that is, when the managers know how to satisfy the public taste. Berlin can boast of upwards of twenty of these Temples of the Muses. A number of them, especially the superior playhouses, are closed during the summer months. Now, however, the theatrical

Season has Commenced in Earnest.

Most of the theatres kept open in the summer have gardens attached to them, where, during the afternoon, and during the entr'actes in the evening, a band is playing, while the visitors are enjoying all kinds of refreshments in the way of sandwiches, tartlets, coffee or beer, or other beverages, or ices, the gentlemen smoking their cigars or cigarettes in the open air. The performances are varied enough. Here plays, there operas, in another place comedies or farces, also operettas. In fact, you have only to make your choice out of the many bills of fare in the newspapers, or on the

Littfass Columns

(advertisement columns), large circular pillars named after the inventor Littfass, which are to be seen in almost every street, and in every square and market-place.

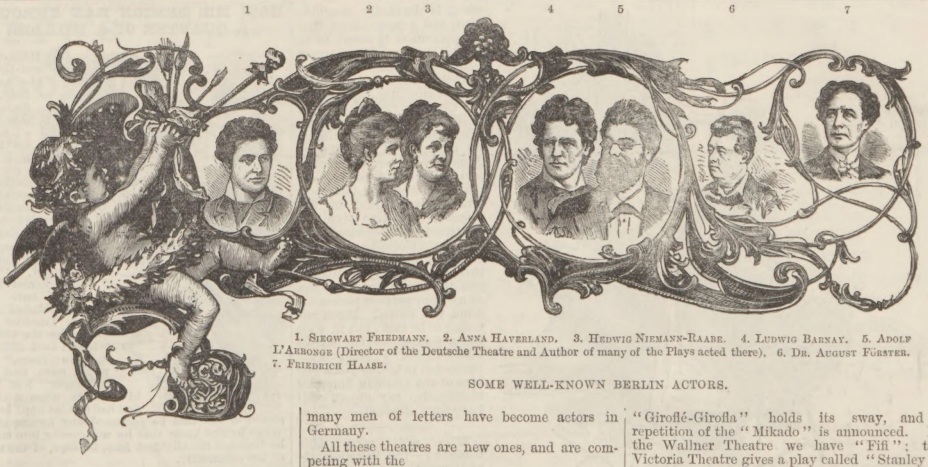
Some of our theatres have this autumn been in a great hurry to resume business, and reopened on Aug. 25, while some made Saturday, Aug. 31, their opening night. Among these, the

Berliner Theatre

distinguished itself by producing Shakspere's "Coriolanus." This theatre, which was first opened in the autumn of last year, soon gained public favour. It was crowded on the reopening night. Beethoven's grand overture to "Coriolanus," which preceded the performance, was well rendered by the orchestra, and the piece, splendidly mounted, was acted admirably. Herr Emil Drach, of Vienna, played the title-part, and was well supported by Mesdames Martha Baumgart, Marie Hock, Margarete Tondeur, and Messrs. Friedrich Basil, Walter Conrad, Franz Jacobi, Gustav Koeber, and Theodor Weiss. But I forget that I must only gossip about theatricals in general.

Herr Ludwig Barnay,

whose Julius Cæsar is perhaps in your recollection from his excellent acting with the Meiningen troupe in Drury-Lane Theatre, a few years ago, is the founder and manager of the Berliner Theatre. He is the Irving, *par excellence*, of the Berlin stage. Himself a splendid actor and excellent stage manager, Barnay has surrounded himself with great artists, and is doing everything to put the pieces of Shakspere, Goethe, Schiller, and other classical writers magnificently on the stage.



1. SIEGWART FRIEDMANN. 2. ANNA HAVERLAND. 3. HEDWIG NIEMANN-RAABE. 4. LUDWIG BARNAY. 5. ADOLF L'ARRONGE (Director of the Deutsche Theatre and Author of many of the Plays acted there). 6. DR. AUGUST FÖRSTER. 7. FRIEDRICH HAASE.

SOME WELL-KNOWN BERLIN ACTORS.

The artists just mentioned are mostly newcomers this year. Older members are the well-known Mesdames Hedwig Niemann-Raabe and

Klara Ziegler,

the latter one of our greatest tragedians. I prefer her to your Ellen Terry. She may be much more likened to Sarah Bernhardt, but is superior to her in personal appearance. She has a splendid figure, her plastique is inimitable, her declamation simply perfect. Hedwig Niemann-Raabe is grand in the finer comic play, and is the wife of the great tenor, Niemann.

Friedrich Haase,

another great actor, may well be compared with your Wilson Barrett.

Anna Haverland

will also be remembered as a great artist in connection with the German Meiningen performances at the Drury-Lane Theatre.

Ludwig Stahl,

a schoolfellow of Prince Battenberg, is grand in the parts of *bons vivants*, and lovers in fine comedies.

The Berliner Theatre has just accepted a translation and adaptation, by Eugene Zabel, of "King Œdipus," by Sophocles.

Dr. August Forster,

who was the first manager of the Deutsche Theatre, has left. He went to Vienna to be manager of the Hofburg Theatre. He has done much for the Deutsche Theatre, and it is no easy task for his successor,

Herr Adolf L'Arronge,

to emulate him, although he is talented, being dramatist, musical director, and was editor of a newspaper. The greatest rival of this theatre is the Berliner. The Deutsche Theatre began its season with an admirable performance of the first part of Goethe's "Faust."

Siegwart Friedmann,

a pupil of the late well-known Davison, is a tragedian of no mean capacity.

Oskar Von Blumenthal,

the manager of the Lessing Theatre, which came into being in the autumn of last year, was a journalist, and is a playwright. French works in the German garb and modern German plays have their home there. It is marvellous how many men of letters have become actors in Germany.

All these theatres are new ones, and are competing with the

Royal Schauspielhaus

(playhouse), where the classics have their permanent home. It is a peculiar thing that in this Royal Theatre there is no music between the acts; but the acting is superb, and Shakspere there finds an interpretation, in the excellent translations by Schlegel and Tieck, which the immortal bard now rarely finds on the English stage.

The Royal Opera

is, of course, almost exclusively devoted to opera and ballet.

Count Bolko Von Hochberg, an official appointed by the Emperor, is the Chief Manager (General-Intendant, as he is called) of the Opera and the Playhouse, having succeeded the late Herr Von Hülsen in that post. The Count, himself a musical composer, bestows his care principally upon the opera, the play having a separate manager. Director Anton Anno having resigned the latter post, a new Manager of Plays was appointed, and Count Hochberg introduced him to the staff on Sept. 1. His name is Herr Otto Devrient. Herr Tetzlaff was at the same time named Director of the Royal Opera House.

The Lessing Theatre

goes in for modern plays: its manager does not despise such works as the "Pink Dominos" or Dumas's "Clémenceau." The actors and actresses are good, but do not compare in excellence with those of the Berliner and Deutsche Theatres. They have this season a recruit in Mdlle. Henrietta Leuthold, of Schauspielhaus fame. In the Friedrich Wilhelmstädtisches Theatre "Giroflé-Girofla" holds its sway, and a repetition of the "Mikado" is announced. In the Wallner Theatre we have "Fifi": the Victoria Theatre gives a play called "Stanley in Africa," and the Residenz Theatre "Fernande": the Adolph Ernst Theatre has made a decided hit with a farce by Treptow called "Flotte Weiber" (Jolly Women). It is full of wit and humour, and the music is very pretty. "The Liliputians" is given at the Belle-Alliance Theatre.

A new star rose on Aug. 31 at the Residenz Theatre in

Fraulein Erna Grunert,

a maiden of sweet seventeen, who made her début as Fernande, a most difficult part. She is a great success, and promises to be a splendid actress. On Sept. 7 a new three-act operetta, "Karin," saw the light in the Friedrich Wilhelmstädtisches Theatre.

Concerts.

There are many, and good ones, the best being the Philharmonic Concerts, the first of which is to be held on the 14th proximo, under the direction of Hans Von Bülow. Very superior concerts also are those at the Opera-House; and then there are the classical but no less popular concerts at the Konzerthaus, admission sixpence. I have heard at these concerts Beethoven's symphonies, even his ninth, excellently rendered. Tingel-Tangel (cafés chantants) are, of course, not wanting, and have always good audiences.

Visitors

ought to know that to get seats at the Opera or the Playhouse it is necessary to lodge in the letter-box of either theatre a postcard before noon on the day preceding the performance.



MADAME HEDWIG NIEMANN-RAABE.



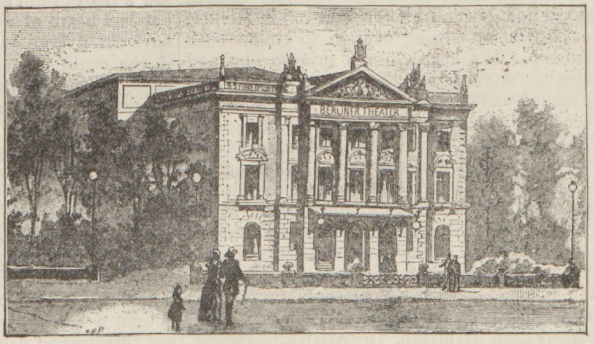
COUNT BOLKO VON HOCHBERG.



MADAME KLARA ZIEGLER.



OSKAR VON BLUMENTHAL.



THE BERLINER THEATRE.



PRINCE BISMARCK (GERMANY'S CHIEF ACTOR) AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

The applicant has to write on the one side his or her address, on the other the number and class of seats he wants. That postcard is returned to the applicant with the visa "granted" or "not granted": if granted, the tickets have to be sent for at the box-office, but a small additional "booking fee" of sixpence for each ticket must be paid. If you like to take your chance you may obtain tickets at the box-office without prior application and without fee, but if all are sold you may be mulcted in high premiums of as much as fifteen or thirty marks, or even more, for each ticket, by persons who secure tickets beforehand for the purpose of reselling them at a premium, and who are usually met with in the approaches to the theatres.

There are about thirty

Museums

and picture galleries, and the salon of the Academy of Arts, just opened for this season by the Emperor William, is rich in excellent new pictures. There are several panoramas, two panopticons, and a number of highly interesting exhibitions.

Of the Churches,

the St. Hedwig, out of seven Roman Catholic ones, is decidedly magnificent, and a new one of that denomination is about to be built. There are fifty German Evangelical churches and chapels, three French Reformed churches, the English St. George's Church, and an American chapel, besides several German Nonconformist chapels. The orthodox Jews have three synagogues and a number of smaller places of worship; but their Grand Synagogue, in the Moorish-Byzantine style, in the Oranienburger-strasse, no one ought to omit seeing. It is one of the finest sights of this city. Having conducted you to church to draw you away from profane pleasures, I bid you adieu! Much remains to be said: but if, with the assistance of the Berlin Illustrations, I shall have succeeded in giving you a fair idea of the German Imperial metropolis, my object will have been attained.

Who will miss this Chance?—The following advertisement, which has been appearing in at least one London paper, is calculated to arrest attention: "To PARENTS.—Unruly boys and girls of any age visited and punished at their homes by a thorough disciplinarian accustomed to administer corporal punishment. All bad habits cured by one or two attendances. Fee, 5s. for two visits. Write, ——, May's Advertising Offices, 162, Piccadilly."

So Thoughtful.—A peculiar request was made by a Bohemian woman who recently died in Connecticut. She asked to be laid out in the kitchen so as to save the parlour carpet, and a ham sandwich was to be given to each person who attended the funeral.

Almost as Cheap as the "P.I.P."—A new kind of self-acting weighing-machine has just come up. Through it you receive not only a card containing your weight, but also a sweet and a portrait of one of the celebrities of the day; and all for one penny!

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.

Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

HOW MR. BENZON RAN THROUGH A QUARTER OF A MILLION.



HEN One-and-twenty stoops to folly, and finds too late that chums betray, what charm can soothe his melancholy—like writing a diary of each night and day?

The confessions of the "Jubilee Plunger," "by Mr. Ernest Benzon," have just been published by Messrs. Trischler and Co., under the title of "How I Lost £250,000 in Two Years." It would seem that the "Plunger" lost both his parents when a child, and had no idea until he was almost of age that he possessed any fortune at all. When he first knew that he was coming into money he had not the slightest idea, he says, of the value of the commodity.

Coming of Age.

Of the occasion of his coming of age, Mr. Benzon writes thus: "Something like, in round figures, I had a quarter of a million at my disposal. Not all in ready money, but all in negotiable securities. There was about £5000 lying loose, and one of my guardians drew a cheque for that. Then I went off straight to Coutts's, where the securities were lying, and with these as security borrowed £50,000 from them. Of this sum I paid £33,600 to Mr. Sam Lewis, for money obtained for me before I came of age. I think he used me exceedingly well, and always has been a great friend to me. . . . Then there were those enormous Australian liabilities to be paid off. Some fellows who made an absurd claim of £30,000 against me took £500 cheerfully, and so that was all right. Again, a man who held £10,000 of paper for which I had had £1500 received £5000, and then thought himself badly treated."

£10,000 Lost.

"The first race meeting that I attended as a man of full age," writes Mr. Benzon, "was the Epsom Spring Meeting, at which I lost about £6000 upon Carlton, and got eased of a valuable scarf-pin at the same time."

"The Jubilee Juggins."

Continuing his spendthrift narrative, Mr. Benzon says: "Then we got on to the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton, where I backed Bendigo to win me £16,000, and people were very angry with me for the high way in which I was betting. It was here I was first called the Jubilee Plunger—a name I hate, although now I am accustomed to it. In fact, I got into trouble with owners all round for fluttering with their market, but I soon got tighter than that. However, Bendigo won, and I had another good week, and consequently arrived at the conclusion that racing was the best game in the world."

Sir G. Chetwynd as "Fidus Achates."

"It was at this meeting that I first made the acquaintance of Sir George Chetwynd, who has certainly been all through the greatest friend to me that I ever had. If I had always listened to him I should have had the greater part of the £250,000 now, instead of being without it."

"A Most Awful Time."

"After this I went to Goodwood, where I experienced a most awful time, nearly everything I backed going down. As a matter of fact I lost £20,000 on the week, and £30,000 on the fortnight."

Cards: "The Worst Game Ever Invented."

Mr. Benzon's experiences in cards were most disastrous. His opinion is that card-playing is, bar none, the worst game ever invented, and if he should have money again he says he would never touch another card. "The first big deal," he says, "I ever had in this direction in England, and after I came of age, was at the Field Club. We had lots of flutters at the Field Club, and, of course there is no good denying it, we used to play very high indeed. I have won and lost there £16,000 or £17,000 a night." He attributes his losses at cards to the fact that he played irregularly and for all sorts of stakes.

Monte Carlo and Pigeon-Shooting.

A chapter of the book is devoted to "Monte Carlo and Pigeon Shooting." When he left London he had only £250 in his pocket. Dame Fortune favoured him at the outset, for on his way he won £1000 at baccarat, at the Washington, in Paris. On arriving at Monte Carlo he won another £1000 at the gaming tables, but before dinner time he had contrived to lose every shilling he had in the world.

Home, Sweet Home.—A friend of Samuel Rogers had a wife who inflicted upon him every season two or three immense evening parties. At one of these parties he was standing in a very forlorn condition, leaning against the chimney-piece, when a gentleman, coming up to him, said, "Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home."

At the Westminster Police-Court, Mr. Joseph Childs, of Chelsea, was fined twenty shillings for allowing a ferocious unmuzzled bulldog to be at large, whereby injury was occasioned to an Irish terrier belonging to Mr. Holly, a beerhouse-keeper, also of Chelsea. Mr. Holly's dog had been killed in consequence of its having been so severely bitten, and the Magistrate ordered the defendant to pay £2 compensation and the costs of the summons.

YES, THE RUPTURED will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain any doubt of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his book, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[ADVT.]

HOW A MOTHER SAVED HER BOY.

OUR readers will remember that we printed some time ago a most interesting narrative of the mode resorted to by a Welsh mother to assist her son when in great trouble. It was copied into every newspaper in the country, yet so much out of the common run of things were the circumstances, that many professed to doubt their truth, and some scoffed, and said the tale sounded more like a romance than honest every-day fact. Recently a person, in our hearing, ventured to deride the story openly in a public place where allusion had been made to it, and, as some present had not read it, we are sure they will be glad to do so. We wish it understood that there is abundant proof that the events occurred precisely as set forth.

James Francis Thomas, of Pontnewynydd, near Pontypool, Wales, began working in a coal pit when a mere lad of eleven. His mother was a widow, and very poor, and the boy bravely went to work to help her find the necessaries of life for the family. For some years he toiled in the pit and gave all his earnings to his mother, but he was not strong enough to endure such hardship. His health began to give way, and when the anxious mother spoke to him about it he smiled patiently, and said, "Oh, don't worry over me, mother; I shall soon be well again." But he grew worse rather than better, his breath was short, and it was only through the courage love gives that he could go down in the pit day by day. He was suffering from asthma, and it was at this period of his life he showed himself a true hero. Ill as he was, and becoming more feeble, he toiled without a word of complaint. At night he got what rest he could, propped up in an armchair, for when he lay down he could scarcely draw his breath. To make matters worse, rheumatism set in; one after another his joints became so swollen and painful that he could hardly use them, and suffered great agony. The reader must understand that poor James was in this pitiable plight for years, during the time he was growing into young manhood; but the end now seemed to have come, so that one night, on returning from work, he said, "Mother dear, I'm afraid I shall have to give up. It breaks my heart to think I shall now be a burden to you instead of a help." As the brave fellow said this the tears shone in his eyes, and his mother's heart went out to him more than ever. "Don't cry, Jamie," she said; "God will take care of us." The doctors who were called were able to give him temporary relief, but it was plain that he was fading away like the leaves on the trees. After a time the doctors consulted, and decided that James had organic disease of the heart, and could live but a little while. Deprived of his earnings, and burdened with the large expenses of his illness, the family sank into the depths of poverty, and soon had no money to buy bread or to pay rent; but a mother's love never despairs, and presently she saw a ray of light shining through the darkness. She had heard of a remedy which was said to have cured cases quite as bad as her boy's. Ah! if she could only get it for him. But how? Medicine costs money, and on the day she got the news she had scarcely a penny left in the house. Providence never forsakes those who trust it. She thought of a way, yet the tears gathered in her eyes as she concluded to adopt it. Before James was taken so bad he had bought a neat new pair of trousers for Sundays and holidays, and had never worn them. She reasoned, "What are my boy's clothes compared to his life?" She took them secretly to the pawnshop, and with a part of the money she bought a bottle of the coveted medicine. To her surprise and delight she saw, in a few days, it was doing him good. He was now able to take a bit of nourishing food, and relished it. He now improved rapidly from the ailments the doctors had pronounced incurable, and after a brief period he was strong enough to go back to work. What joy this marvellous recovery made in the hearts of the faithful household no words of ours can describe.

In order to understand the restoration wrought in the case of James Francis Thomas by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup (for that was the remedy used), we must remember that the asthma, rheumatism, and disturbance of the heart, from which he suffered, were no more nor less than symptoms of the real disease—namely, indigestion, constipation, and dyspepsia; and for this almost universal affliction this wonderful preparation is a certain cure. The chemist of whom Mrs. Thomas bought the medicine, and who would have freely given it to her had he known their circumstances, writes a letter, giving his own version of the facts. We append a single paragraph:—

"James F. Thomas, of Pontnewynydd, near Pontypool, age twenty-three, collier, was ill for nine years, unable to do any work for three years, never lay down in bed for nine years, had to sleep in a stooping posture, was treated by nearly all the doctors for miles round, who generally stated his complaint to be rheumatism and heart disease of a chronic nature, and beyond all power to cure. When hope had nearly died out, he was persuaded to try Seigel's Syrup, and to the delight of relatives and the astonishment of his neighbours, after taking half a bottle he could lie down in bed. After taking one bottle he went to work. Has now taken two bottles and on the third, and is quite well and strong. His mother is in raptures, and can talk of nothing else but this marvellous cure, and wishes to make it known."

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

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For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about that health so required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found equal to Beecham's Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each Box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and vigorous health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the ROSEBUD of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" testified continually by members of all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is. BEECHAM'S PILLS have the largest sale of any patent medicine in the world.

BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

As a remedy for Coughs in general, asthma, bronchial affections, hoarseness, shortness of breath, tightness and oppression of the chest, wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled. They are the best ever offered to the public, and will speedily remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which nightly deprives the patient of rest.

Prepared only and sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.



3s. SEWING MACHINE

(Patented No. 7309). Does work which will bear comparison with that of any £5 Machine. No complications; no winding of bobbins; no trouble; no teaching. It will do all the family dressmaking, &c. Sent carriage free, 3s. 6d.; two for 6s. Needles 6d. and 1s. per packet. Address: SEWING MACHINE CO., 10 Dep., 55, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

BENZINE COLLAS.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES,
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES,
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS. Buy "Collas."
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE,
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE,
FROM FURNITURE.—CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS. Try "Collas."
See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap.
Quite refined, nearly odourless.
Quick acting. No coming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS.
Preparation and take no other
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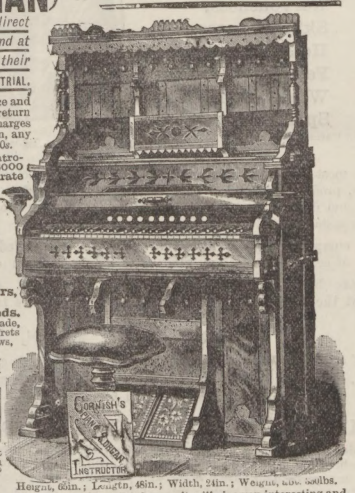
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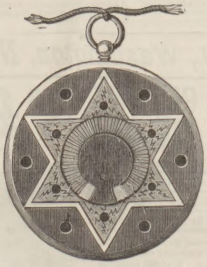
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